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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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The Pulitzer Prizes

THE approaching award of the Pulitzer prizes for literature raises this year some interesting questions. The *Saturday Review*, like many others, has its own selections, but what the editors would choose if they were in a position of authority is not so important as a principle which they would submit as governing their choices.

In drama, for example, without question and with due consideration of varying estimates of its permanent values, "Mourning Becomes Electra" has been the theatrical event of the year. But Mr. O'Neill has already received two Pulitzer prizes. Nothing is to be gained for the cause of American literature by awarding him another. Such recognition is not needed as aid to him or to his play, while tenderer plants of genius may well complain that if the O'Neill sequoia is to be given the Pulitzer violet ray indefinitely, they are going to be the victims of circumstances. On the other hand, "Electra" is the most talked-of play of the year. To pass it over, to neglect it, would be to stultify the purpose of the Pulitzer awards. We suggest, as an escape from this dilemma, that no author should ever receive two Pulitzer prizes in the same category. That if, having received an award, his succeeding work is prize-worthy, it should be declared out of the competition, but given *distinguished reference* by special vote of the committee, leaving the prize to go elsewhere, if sufficient merit exists. We ourselves this year would give "Mourning Becomes Electra" distinguished reference, and the award itself to "Of Thee I Sing," a musical comedy which is as good drama as anything we have had since Gilbert and Sullivan, and not much more opera than "The Green Pastures."

A like situation confronts the Committee in poetry. Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Fatal Interview" has been the most generally acclaimed book of poetry published in 1931. But Miss Millay is also a Pulitzer prize winner, and there is in the field an American poet of scope and merit who has never been so distinguished, Mr. Robinson Jeffers. His "Dear Judas," published last year, is not his best work, yet it is a characteristic volume, and he belongs among the few poets of unquestioned eminence now practising here. We should give "Fatal Interview" distinguished reference, and the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry to Robinson Jeffers.

In fiction the problem is different. Willa Cather has already received a prize, and therefore we eliminate "Shadows on the Rock." The most successful American novel of 1931 was, without doubt, Pearl Buck's "The Good Earth." We do not regard it as a great novel—few studies of strange peoples ever have the lasting quality of home-turned imagination—yet it is a fine book, superior in both interest and literary quality to books that have won earlier Pulitzer prizes. No question would arise if it were not for the terms of the award which imply that the prize-winning novel should be a picture of American life. Of course, in one sense, a novel about China by an American is a study of the American imagination confronted by an exotic civilization. And something like this the Committee seems to have felt when they set a precedent for the award to Pearl Buck by giving a Pulitzer prize to "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." "The Good Earth" is our choice.

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TALIESEN III, HOME OF FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT

Whitman as Journalist

By EMORY HOLLOWAY

> The revolver rules. . . . Juries discharge, without leaving their seats, the gallant and lion-hearted fellows who fire revolvers at unarmed men, and avenge their wrongs without the bore and expense of a criminal trial. Other equally gallant fellows, seeing them go unwhipped of justice, do not scruple at gratifying their little private animosities in a similar manner. No punishment follows crime. It is a moral impossibility to hang a bloody miscreant now-a-days, and it is altogether a beautiful, comfortable, and safe state of society that we are falling into. Reader, have you an enemy? . . . Go home and make your will.

THIS sarcastic sentiment has not been extracted from yesterday's leader in the press of New York or Chicago; it is the pessimistic deliverance of a Brooklyn newspaper in 1857. The journal was the Brooklyn *Daily Times*, then edited by Walt Whitman, who, at the age of thirty-eight, had recently entered upon his longest tenure of office as a journalist. This editorship, extending from 1857 to 1859, has never been adequately studied,* because the extant files are in private hands, but it reveals the journalist-poet at a most interesting period of his development. Far surer of himself than he had been when editing the *Eagle* some ten years previously, he writes with a detachment which measures the restraint imposed upon the journalist by the philosopher and the artist.

He had issued two editions of his poems, though without popular success, and he was now engaged in preparing the greatly enlarged Thayer and Eldridge edition, which was destined to make him much more widely, if not more favorably, known. The Civil War was unmistakably approaching, and Whitman was sensitive to the social and political groundswells that presaged its cataclysm; yet it can hardly be said that he had fully assumed his role as a truly national poet. It is clear, however, that journalism is only a secondary interest with him. In the *Times* articles one perceives the germination of various poems; but none of the many poems composed at this period appears in the journal.

The indictment of lawlessness and the miscarriage of justice which was quoted above suggests any number of truisms concerning the repetitiousness of history and the unchangeableness of human nature; but when one turns over the files of the old Brooklyn newspaper, one is struck by the modernity of Whitman's reaction to all sorts of problems current then as now. There was, for instance, in 1857 a financial panic in the midst of plenty. Farmers had reaped bumper crops, yet in New York and Brooklyn twenty-five thousand willing laborers were without work. The editor of the *Times* solicited aid for the unemployed—private aid, that is—and recommended that the farmer learn to diversify his crops after the modern "cow-sow-hen-sheep" formula. He went to the theatre, as all his life had been his custom, interested as deeply in the audience as in the play. At first he marveled that at a time of such distress there could be unbounded gaiety, that "the universal want, doubt, and apprehension have not diminished, in the smallest degree, the crowds of pleasure seekers that nightly throng the temples of amusement. Manufacturies may stand

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To a Lover

By MARION CANBY

IT is true
That I am after rarer game than you—
Ah, yes!
Dare you guess
What it is my arrows seek?
Nothing meek,
Nothing slow,
Nothing that lives low,
But high up, where light-rays quiver—
On safe earth I stand and shiver
To think of my stricken arrows there,
Sobbing in air!
Oh, I do not hunt for love of the chase!
I fear the pallor of the day;
My sight is taut with searching space.
Take my words and go away!
You may know it is no earthly prize
That pulls my soul up through my eyes.

* The Columbia University Press is soon to issue a selection of these editorials under the title, "I Sit and Look Out," by the present writer and Vernolian Schwarz. The only reprints hitherto made from the *Times* are the few contained in my "Uncollected Poetry and Prose of Walt Whitman."

A Prophetic Artist

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY: FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. 1932. $5.

Reviewed by SHELDON CHENEY

AMERICA'S most creative rebel sets down, somewhere within the confused beauty of this book, the comment that "man's struggle to illumine creation is another tragedy." Against the background of "the terrible shopkeeping circumstances we call Democracy" he unfolds the story of his creative life and the record of what counts creatively in the art of architecture, in nineteenth and twentieth century America. But the undercurrent of tragedy is not in any failure of the writer to illumine creation; it is revealed in the situation of an original and prophetic artist—and a man attempting to be truly free—struggling against the drag of orthodoxy and ignorance in a shopkeeping and belly-filling civilization. Wright avoids painting himself as a hero, but the opposing villain of the piece is there in chapter after chapter. It is the vague "they" of the architectural profession and of the conformist public: the cultured importers of alien architectural knick-knacks, actively hostile to creative innovation, and the "moral" public that feeds its passion for a standard respectability upon sensational "news" reports of non-conformist living. "They" have made for tragedy in Wright's life, time and again. But there is hope for mankind in this: the creative rebel rises in the end, with indomitable spirit, with sense of humor about his own wayside failures, with integrity unimpared, painting a clear picture of the Utopian society that may yet be, if Truth prevail.

"An Autobiography," then, is far more than the bald title implies. It not only is the story of a man, bravely and beautifully told; rather it illumines an art in an incomparable way, from the creator's consciousness. It also is a revelation of the sicknesses of a civilization, with, at the end, a prophetic picture of the other

This Week

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES OF FRANCES WOLCOTT AND MRS. FORAKER.
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS.

"PASSING STRANGERS."
Reviewed by ROBERT KEITH LEAVITT.

"BOY."
Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN.

"AFTER THE DELUGE."
Reviewed by W. Y. ELLIOTT.

"BEHEMOTH."
Reviewed by ERNEST GRUENING.

THE CROWS.
By DAVID MCCORD.

HUMAN BEING.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"UNCLAY."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

"THE HISTORY OF WORLD CIVILIZATION."
Reviewed by ERNEST R. GOODENOUGH.

BOOKS OF THE SPRING. II.
By AMY LOVEMAN.

Next Week, or Later

"RECOVERY."
Reviewed by SHEPARD A. MORGAN.

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world that will be when stupidity and conformity cease to determine conduct.

The book will afford heart to all who have suffered for uncompromising devotion to principle, and especially to artists who have been disciplined for their originality, who have met misunderstanding and hostility to new beauty. It will shame those who have weakly gone down under pressure of material circumstance, compromising with the necessity of "making a living." To them it will say, Rebellion is better, is the man's way. But for the general reader, too, the volume cannot but prove stimulating, entertaining, even exciting.

Considered just as reading, indeed, it is an extraordinary book. One's interest is caught immediately by the sensitive, observant, dreamy child. The writing here is Whitmanesque, vibrant with outdoor beauty. The story leaps on, pauses, stops for pages, is caught up again almost breathlessly. Not much unity in the narrative, you see. Not written with regard to the principles of continuity, mass, and coherence. Certainly not punctuated orthodoxly. But vivid. And the portions more strictly biographical set forth a story more heroic, more exciting, than may be found in most novels. Murder, fires, prison, heartbreak, persecution, fights, exile, are incidents recounted quietly but clearly. Between are the pregnant comments on architecture, morals, civilization. There are really gorgeous descriptions of nature, and idyllic etchings of boy-life on the farm. Where in all literature is there such a panegyric to the cow? Then penetrating analyses of American life in a hundred phases: schooling, fatherhood, local culture in the 'nineties, marriage-slavery, fighting the entrenched conservatives, morality in the Baptist Belt, bigger and better (but sometimes cruelly crushing) publicity, the skyscraper city, concrete, expositions, lawyers, etc., etc.

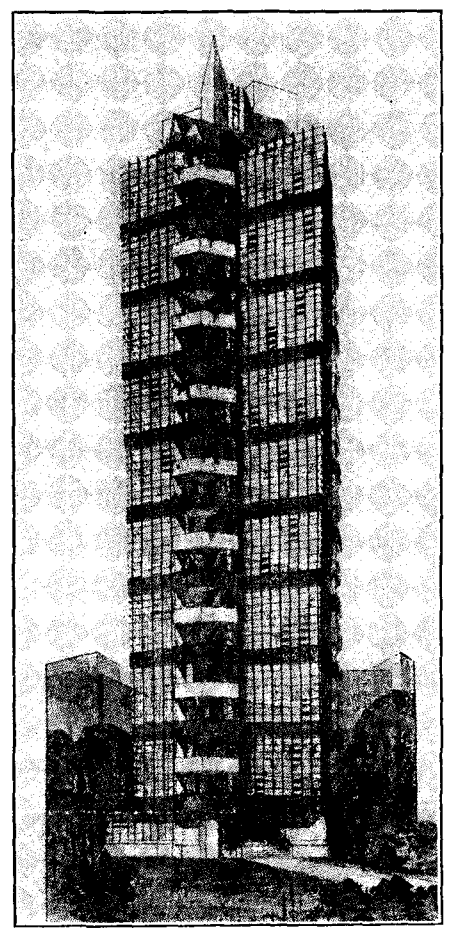
If some of us have for years suspected that Frank Lloyd Wright is a genius as great as any in the whole range of American art and life—Whitman not excepted—there is confirmation in this record. The utter rightness of the artist in his approach to the problem of architecture; the native integrity of the man's thinking; the instinctive grasp at truth, at the simple natural thing, at beauty. And that final greatness, the spirit that rises indomitable after repeated tragedies that would crush lesser men. Readers learned in a recent biography how a personal loss, the drowning of her children, "broke" that other American artist who revolutionized an art, Isadora Duncan. Despite the greatness of her spirit, worldly tragedy brought her low before the end. In simple words Wright tells how a madman suddenly took seven lives in his home and burned the house: far more than loss of home and family—rather the destruction of what had seemed a final bulwark against hostile pursuing enemies, and horrible murder of those most understanding and most beloved. But the spirit recovered, rose triumphant, began a new life in work, in further creative building. The next tragedy was not violent or sudden: creeping on for years, it took even greater toll in confusion and distraction from work—but again the man's spirit survived with courage and even faith.

Suffering doubtless strengthened and chastened. So tolerant is the mature man, indeed, that he has a word to say for Sheriff Brown, petty official who conspired with lawyers and newspapermen to jail Wright—did keep him in prison two nights; only, Wright adds, "a man no bigger than his job has no right to have a job where the humanities are concerned." He even includes a kind sentence, sincerely, about those same shameless newspapermen, who hounded him, persecuted him, to make scandalous copy. Caustic about our sham culture and custom, in its shallowness and callowness, he yet is tolerant always of the human element, understanding, generous. Such is the spirit of the book. No bitterness, no personal attack, after a life of unexampled tumult.

There is never a defense of self, rather a record with faults and failures confessed. He got mad when fellow-workers in his first architectural office combined unfairly, in a boxing match, to do him out, got mad and lost the opportunity to make friends instead of enemies. Apropos of "modern" furniture, "I have been black and blue in some spot, somewhere, almost all my life, from too intimate contact with my own early furniture." He confesses, too, to the fault of becoming interested in new work before finished with the old, whence trouble with clients, lawsuits with contractors, etc. "It is only fair to include one's mistakes and errors of judgment, or any characteristic failings," because creative architecture is so much more important in the end—or creative living. No, this is not a defense-biography.

For some, the story of creative architecture in America, 1890-1932, as imbedded in the biography, will afford as great a thrill as the "life," will evoke as deep admiration, for integrity never compromised, for spirit persisting through hostile criticism, pettifogging, and actual calumny. Here is revealed the struggle of him who would be original in the midst of imitative savants. In the United States the imitators had become cultured eclectics, successful businessmen-artists, and props of society as it is. Architecture was universally tasteful, inorganic, ornamental, false. Wright left college in his third year of study, against advice. He plunged into architectural work in Chicago, and soon transferred to the one truly creative office in the country: became pupil and assistant to the first genius in our architectural annals, Louis Sullivan. Wright tells the sad story of that creator too, and never wavers in his loyalty to Sullivan, "Lieber Meister." Then on his own, he initiates the long series of works that shock the Eclectics into attention. Even his enemies note the "quality" in his buildings. Burnham, king of the successful Western architects, is seen making Wright a really handsome offer of six years' study in Paris and Rome, expenses paid, and the security of a permanent job after. Wright, with six children, overworked, precariously in debt, refuses, against advice. And so he goes on through a career dotted with crises, combats, and unpractical decisions in favor of the ideal. One by one the buildings rise that insure him immortality, the Oak Park houses, Unity Temple, the Larkin factory, Midway Gardens, the Imperial Hotel in Tokio, and the Barnsdall group and the Millard house in California—all landmarks to the student of modern architecture. The buildings themselves won't all last. But the principles that went into their making, signalizing the transfer of architecture from the region of façade-ornamenting to the region of structural truth and organic engineering-and-design, have become part of the foundation of a new (and now widely proclaimed) American art of building. The individual buildings, nevertheless, at first stir controversy, divide families, and scare away the all-important bankers. "The greater the idea, the greater banker-animosity." Wright lives too long in tumult. A myth grows, is assiduously fostered by the Eclectics, that he is "difficult," "impractical,"—and, when they must at last recognize him as leader to the new generation, "non-coöperative." But almost everywhere along the road there is solace, of true love, of work accomplished, honest and original. Even before the war the Germans were affording him a sense of world recognition, publishing books about his architecture. Always, too, there are the relaxation and inspiration of music. Despite hostility and tragedies, moreover, the rebel was successful, in the main, in securing for himself and his the best in environments, in beauty around the home, in education, in comforts. "We were seldom without our season tickets to the Symphony."

Following the germination and the flowering of the new architecture, in one creator's work, amidst the sham buildings of the tired imitators and importers, the reader becomes aware of the deep social wisdom and vision of Frank Lloyd Wright. Repeatedly he sums up a world idea in a phrase, or reveals a penetrating insight into a social situation. His exposition of "the bigger and better insignificance" of New York is devastating. He eloquently opposes further development of the bloated cities, as increasing sacrifice of man to the machine: delaying recognition that the machine has freed man. "The better elements already are so far withdrawn that gang-rule is hard to break in cities, the city infested by evil as a wharf is infested with rats." The cities as planned by the advocates of *Urbanisme* seem to him "prison-houses for the soul" and "graveyards for individuality." Apartment houses are "prisons for life." The city *once* was a necessity; the free man will go out into the open spaces, live with gardens, "under conditions natural to normal manhood." Entertainment will come to the individual home, in the country, not be seen or heard "in any promiscuous hall."



DESIGN BY FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT FOR A SKYSCRAPER OF THE FUTURE.

He is equally penetrating in thought and caustic in remark about the "ruinous legalities" that hedge Democracy about; but he humorously quotes the friend who summed up Wright's own case, after the jail experience, as "From Who's Who to the Hoosegow." He pokes fun at what he judges to have been his own occasional sentimentalities, but he jabs mercilessly at national or racial weaknesses in that direction. "No monument is ever more than a monument to those who erect it." He chides the smug Californians for their devotion to "the decorative picturizing architect." (Though somehow California has claimed a major portion of his own recent creative effort.) "The hypocrite instinctively fears and therefore hates the radical." "Instincts such as ours, demoralized by opulence, are none the less barbaric because they have intellect they don't use, or a past culture they sentimentally abuse."

Unconsciously Wright sums up his own life and his success in stray comments like these: "No coward ever did creative work." Certain bravery illumines this book throughout. "Principle alone is defense and refuge—from chaos and utter defeat." "Genius is an expression of principle."

In the end, still vaguely confused by the cruel and unnecessary persecution by the "press," after the second marital tragedy, persecution that reached the "depth of outrage and humiliation and falsification," Wright says simply, "I remember and record and leave the rest to Life." Today he is one of the happiest men in America. We must judge him also one of the wisest and greatest. His "Autobiography" is one of the most trenchant and most beautiful books of our time. Artist and layman alike should read it, for entertainment and for stimulus to new faith, and perhaps just a little for punishment.

Sh! Our Private Opinions—

The SATURDAY REVIEW, *like many others who are awaiting with interest the forthcoming announcement of the Pulitzer Prize winners, has its own preferences as to the awards. It states them here confidentially.*

Drama

"OF THEE I SING." By GEORGE S. KAUFMAN and IRA GERSHWIN (Knopf).
Distinguished reference to "Mourning Becomes Electra (Liveright), ruled out from consideration for first place because Eugene O'Neill has received an award in the past.

Poetry

"DEAR JUDAS." By ROBINSON JEFFERS (*Liveright*).
Distinguished reference to "Fatal Interview" (Harpers), ruled out from consideration for first place on the ground that Edna St. Vincent Millay has also won a Pulitzer prize in the past.

History

"THE MARTIAL SPIRIT." By WALTER MILLIS (Houghton Mifflin).
Distinguished reference to "The Epic of America (Little, Brown), barred from consideration for first place because James Truslow Adams, like the two preceding authors, has been the recipient of a Pulitzer prize in the past.

Biography

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LINCOLN STEFFENS (Harcourt, Brace).

Fiction

THE GOOD EARTH. By PEARL S. BUCK (John Day).
Distinguished reference to "Shadows on the Rock" (Knopf), also excluded from consideration for first place because Willa Cather has received the Pulitzer award in the past.

The Pulitzer Prizes

(*Continued from preceding page*)

The fourth award is to be made in the field of American history, and here again is a good book, a very successful book by a former Pulitzer winner, "The Epic of America," by James Truslow Adams. We should give that moving and beautifully planned story of history a distinguished reference, and award the prize to another book in the field, of equal or greater merit if one can be found, and if, as is possible, none such can be found, to a book satisfying the conditions of the award and unquestionably worthy of the prize. Our choice is Walter Millis's "The Martial Spirit."

In biography, the *Saturday Review's* preference is the stimulating autobiography of Lincoln Steffens. No principle is involved here, except relative excellence.

The Pulitzer prizes are a great trust, which have been unusually successful in focussing public attention on really good books, which have been administered with a real sense of responsibility, but not always to the satisfaction of discriminating readers. We believe that to rule previous prize winners *hors concours* would put judges on their mettle to discover new talent, would lift the heavy hand of achieved success from the shoulders of writers struggling for recognition, and both widen and enliven the competition. If by the conditions of the gift all prizes have to be awarded annually, there would be some risk of a lowering of standards, but that risk is worth taking for the encouragement of new talent and the broadening of a field where, if previous winners are barred, new ability *has* to be sought.

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Colorful Yesterdays

I WOULD LIVE IT AGAIN. Memories of a Vivid Life. By JULIA B. FORAKER. New York: Harper & Bros. 1932. $3.50.

THE HERITAGE OF YEARS. Kaleidoscopic Memories. By FRANCES M. WOLCOTT. New York: Minton, Balch. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THE quality which gives these two books of political and social memoirs distinction is the zest for life which they reveal. Even had the wives of Senator Foraker and Senator Wolcott been rather commonplace women, in their long years in the hurly-burly of American politics they might well have accumulated a budget of memories worth the telling. But the memories of affairs from Reconstruction days to Roosevelt's time which are here set down are not commonplace; they are given life and sparkle by the courage, gusto, and energy of the narrators. Neither book would be called "important" by those whose concern is solely with the large events of history. But both are important for everyone interested in the social *milieu* of politics, the forgotten personal details regarding great men, the impalpable atmosphere of yesterday. The two volumes show radical differences in character. The author of "The Heritage of Years" obviously had always an avid thirst for experience. First in Washington and Colorado as the wife of Lyman K. Bass, Congressman and law-partner of Cleveland, and later in Washington as the wife of Senator Wolcott, she wished to meet people—people of intelligence, of poise, of eminence in the arts—and to associate actively with them. Mrs. Foraker was of a quieter, more observant temperament. She was interested rather in the charms, humors, and ironies of the varied scenes through which her husband's career, in Ohio and then in Washington, carried her. Mrs. Wolcott's book is alert, thrusting, kaleidoscopic, and sometimes rather gushing; Mrs. Foraker's is full of charm, wit, insight, and, in some sections, of controversial spleen.

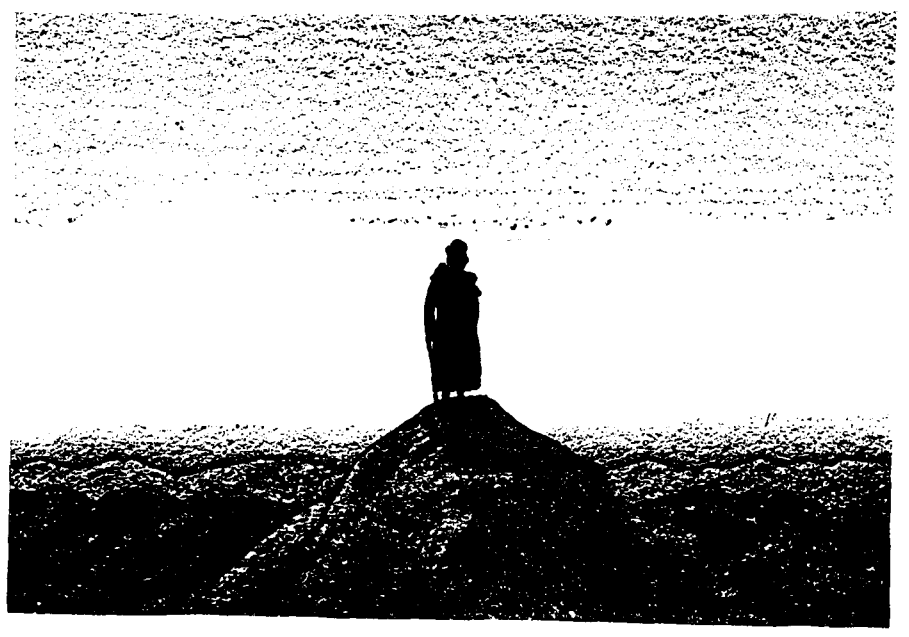
Few who read "The Heritage of Years" rapidly will perceive that beneath its animation and gaiety lies a rather tragic story. Brought up in a wealthy Buffalo home, and able to recall when Millard Fillmore was still seen on the streets and Lincoln's body lay in state, Frances Metcalfe married a rising attorney who combined Congress with a large corporation practice. She had an entry into the best circles of Buffalo, New York, and Washington. In the first city she knew Mark Twain, Cleveland, the painter Bierstadt, Sheridan, and many more—each characterized by a pungent phrase or paragraph. Among New Yorkers, Chauncey Depew furnished a special car for her bridal journey. In Washington she helped Mrs. Grant at White House receptions; Blaine liked her for a dinner-table companion, Grant himself was talkative instead of taciturn with her, Kate Chase Sprague became a familiar companion, and Belknap of the famous War Department scandal boasted to her of the beauty of his three wives. But her husband fell ill of tuberculosis, and the result was partial exile to Colorado, hardship, anxiety, and finally his premature death. Yet the darker lines of the story hardly appear beneath the glowing surface. Mrs. Wolcott's pages on Colorado Springs and the striking people she met there, including Helen Hunt Jackson and Bertha Courtales, on her camping adventures, on the railroad lobby in Denver, and on her European travels, are continuously lively. It is evident that she was never daunted, and that she had something close to a genius for making friends.

Mrs. Foraker's story also, and in a still more subtle way, has its shading of tragedy. She was brought up in a political household. Her father was Hezekiah S. Bundy, a Whig and Republican Congressman, and her memories go back to his dark look as he told her, "They have hanged John Brown." Table in her father's home often had to be set for a dozen or fifteen guests, and the little girl listened wide-eyed as someone who had visited Buchanan in the White House told how he had received the Prince of Wales: "The President didn't hev to dress up none for the Prince, 'cuz he wears a white tie common." In Ohio, people took their politics with intense seriousness. She was admirably trained to become the wife of "Ben" Foraker, who had wept when Buchanan defeated Frémont, had graduated in the first class at Cornell, and was making his mark in law and politics in Cincinnati. It is clear that she threw herself heart and soul into Foraker's career. In these pages she recaptures her thrill over life in the governor's mansion in Columbus; her anxiety when the National G.A.R. encampment in that city placed a strain on her hospitality—"breakfast was laid for nineteen, and always there were two tables"; and her hurt when she supposed (quite mistakenly) that Mrs. Cleveland had snubbed her in Philadelphia because Foraker had spoken roughly of Cleveland's rebel-flag order. She writes of Mark Hanna with admiring cordiality, and of Foraker's rival, Bellamy Storer, with triumphant disdain. Her husband's election to the Senatorship and the place he made for himself in national affairs are swiftly chronicled. Alas! then came the Brownsville affair, the Archbold letter, Roosevelt's enmity, and Taft's desertion, and the book closes with sombre and even bitter pages.

But all the more because of this sombre ending, it is a remarkably human and appealing book. Written with literary skill, it is full of good stories and full also of illuminating gossip. We are told how Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes staidly protested when she heard that Kate Chase Sprague—the Egeria, to say no more, of Conkling—was to be entertained by the Forakers. God would judge the lady, she said in effect, but "I do think in your position to countenance even the appearance of evil is a mistake." We see the icy Benjamin Harrison snapping his watch at an important caller as he remarked with all-too-characteristic tact: "I've got all these papers to look after, and I'm going fishing at two o'clock." We hear Alice Roosevelt commenting fondly on her father's peculiarities: "At a funeral father always wants to be the corpse, and at a wedding he always wants to be the bride." This was at the time of Alice's marriage, when Roosevelt had issued an edict that presents from other countries could not, correctly, be received. "It was so like him," said Lodge, "to come to that decision after the presents were on their way." There is Senator Brice of Ohio, millionaire railroad builder, remarking to Mrs. Foraker at one of his dinners: "See those roses?" (There were five hundred American Beauties). "Cost a dollar apiece." And there is Mrs. McKinley glaring angrily at an English girl who, at a White House dinner, had said that of all countries she still loved England best. "Do you mean to say," demanded Mrs. McKinley severely, "that you would prefer England to a country ruled over *by my husband?*"

Mrs. Foraker, though not without some special pleading, makes out an able case for her husband. She publishes a letter written by Roosevelt to Foraker in 1916 which comes near to being an apology for his previous conduct; and she succeeds in putting the genial and kindly Taft, for once, in an unpleasant light. But these controversial matters are not the valuable part of the book. Much more important—and pleasant—are the pages upon poor old John Sherman, in which the tragedy of his elevation to the Secretaryship of State in order to open a Senatorship for Hanna is discussed with some inside knowledge; the glimpses of McKinley's knightly devotion to his invalid wife; the history of how Herrick came to be made ambassador to France; and the full-length description of Washington society in the 'nineties. Room is made for a spirited account of the centennial celebration in 1889 of Washington's inauguration, a forgotten but glamorous affair. And for pure charm the first fifty pages, describing Ohio in the 'fifties and 'sixties, when the frontier was finally giving way to a more settled society, are not equalled by anything else in the volume.

If anyone supposes that American politics and society in the long generation after the Civil War were dull, these books will go far toward converting him to a different view. It is pleasant to think that two women who have seen and experienced so much of American life since Appomattox and even earlier are still with us, and able to describe their careers with so much spirit and color.



JACKET DESIGN FOR "THE HERITAGE OF YEARS."

Whitman as Journalist

(*Continued from page* 677)

still, shops may be customless, South sea missions may 'pass round the plate' with barren results, but the drama still flourishes like a green bay tree, and draws its aliment from sources apparently the most unpromising—'music still hath charms'—beauty, as exemplified in the modern ballet (alack-a-day!) still fascinates with the old perennial hocus-pocus, and all goes merrily on." Instead, however, of closing with a sermon on man's callous inhumanity in the presence of human suffering, he recalls the profound remark of Sam Weller: "When a man is in very great trouble, he straightway makes for the nearest restaurant and incontinently devours three dozen on the half shell."

Whitman's conception of economics is too individualistic for him to offer any suggestion that through governmental reforms a more equitable distribution of wealth should be effected, though he does see in the hard times a special challenge to the generosity of the well-to-do. No particular class is blamed for the money shortage, but rather the American's tendency to seek some easier method of enriching himself than by the obvious process of creating wealth, a tendency which he might have traced to generations of wastefulness on the part of those pioneers whose praises he was soon to sing. So firmly has this ambition to get rich quickly been fixed in the American mind that Whitman's comment upon it is not malapropos today.

"Had half the ingenuity which has been devoted to evading and postponing the liquidation of our just obligations been directed to the best means of satisfying our creditors, the country would have been out of debt. Had people been half as anxious to discontinue unnecessary expenses as they have been to discover and provide for fresh artificial wants, we should have lived within our income, and now had a surplus in hand instead of a deficiency to make up. . . . Instead of seeing how far within our income we could live, we have been trying to ascertain how far beyond it we could possibly venture. We must now return to first principles, and acknowledge that he is wealthiest who saves most, and not he who makes most; and that the money we have received is not our own until we have satisfied all just demands accruing upon it."

It is possible that Whitman was consciously including himself in this admonition, for it was written only a short time after he had been forced by a judgment against him to discharge an obligation to James Parton, the prolific biographer, from whom he had borrowed two hundred dollars.

One turns the pages of the old *Times* rapidly in the hope of discovering just what was the editor's reaction to the political events which were so soon to eventuate in the war. Whitman left the paper so soon after the *Central Illinois Gazette* had started the Lincoln-for-President boom that we do not know just what his attitude was. He had approved of the debate method whereby Lincoln and Douglas had carried the issues of the campaign to the electorate; but though he admitted Lincoln's advantage in this trial of wit, it is probable that he hoped Douglas would win. This may have been due in part to his comparative ignorance of Lincoln at the time; but certainly it was in part due to his hatred of Buchanan and the aggressive slave party which he led, and to his admiration for a senator who, single-handed, dared to challenge the power of the national administration. Whitman had supported Fremont and he was later to support Lincoln, but he was no more a single-track Abolitionist than Lincoln was, even during the war. Had Douglas formed a middle conservative party, Whitman would have been consistent enough in supporting it. One of his earliest editorials in the *Times* shows how little sympathy he had with the Abolitionist's narrow-minded method of solving what was, to him, an economic as well as a moral problem.

"We thought that a far greater power had taken the slavery question out of the hands of conventions and parties, and is now engaged, with perfect coolness and judgment, in considering it. Of course we mean the people. The people at large have been listening to the appeals of all sides, especially the abolitionist orators, and have perhaps come to the conclusion that while the idea of abolition, and 'uncompromising opposition to the further increase of slavery' are great ideas, there is no particular need of running them into the ground. We think the people will occupy some years in the weighing of slavery, and we think they will make a righteous decision upon it. We have no hesitation in saying that we consider the doom of slavery as sealed; it may spread toward the Gulf of Mexico; it may last a while in the islands there—but it will certainly, before a hundred years have rolled on, become extinct in every one of the United States."

Whitman had come to see that the problem of reform was not one of altering governmental or economic structures, though this might be needed, but one of producing "great individuals," who would in turn effect, enjoy, and preserve the improved conditions of life in America. His attitude toward slavery reform was not exceptional; he felt so toward all narrow-minded reformers.

"One imagines the millennium would be at hand if a Bible were in every household, or a church or a school house at every corner. Another finds his universal panacea for the ills that flesh is heir to in turning humans into amphibious animals, in deluging their insides and outsides with the liquid element, and in forswearing beefsteak for bran-bread and turnips. Cure yourselves, O physicians, and search not for motes in the eyes of other people, when you cannot see straightly for the beams that blind your own."

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At twenty-three Whitman had himself written a temperance novelette, "Franklin Evans," though he afterwards made light of his motives in doing so. Sixteen years later he was opposed to prohibition as impractical if not unjust. In 1858 he saw the liquor problem somewhat as the Wickersham Report sees it today: "how to prevent drunkenness, without preventing the modest indulgence of the masses in that which to nineteen-twentieths of them is a boon, but to the remaining twentieth is a fatal temptation and a curse." He bewailed the "sad lack of practicality" in temperance reformers, and reminded them that half a loaf is better than no bread. "Let them unite with well meaning men who are not so ultra in their opinions, but who see the necessity of Reform. Let them enter the lists once more and fight hard for a Reformed License System which shall be strict and efficient. Let them in conclusion keep a sharp eye on Adulteration—that monster-evil which is killing more people in a month than the pure article would in years." He even went so far as to propose his own plan of reform, one which would "invest the local authorities of each place with the right of granting licenses, and with the most ample and summary powers for the breaking up of unlicensed places, and punishment of the keepers. This would afford a guaranty for the character of the establishments where liquor was sold. To prevent drunkenness, or at least decrease it, a clause should be added making it an offense punishable by imprisonment, without fine, for a barkeeper to sell liquor to any man who was evidently intoxicated at the time, or to any person whom his family had duly cautioned the seller not to deal with. Such an enactment as this, stringently enforced, would diminish (drunkenness), without interfering with that moderate indulgence which most men habitually enjoy, as they believe, without detriment to themselves or violation of any law, human or divine." Doubtless Whitman's own plan betrays a sad lack of practicality, even as applied to an age without modern means of transportation, but at least it is not bigoted. Moreover it seeks to protect the strong against the weak as well as the weak against the strong, a precaution having particular value in a democracy.

In freeing woman from the political, economic, intellectual, and social restrictions of the nineteenth century the poetry of Whitman unquestionably was a factor; but his ideal of the sex, based, no doubt, on his admiration for such women as his mother, Mrs. O'Connor, and Mrs. Gilchrist, was, first of all, that of a domestic and devoted wife and mother. Brilliant women like Frances Wright and Mme. Dudevant he could appreciate, but he thought that for the average woman the true career was to be found in motherhood. This appears prominently in the *Times* editorials, and should be kept in mind in any interpretation of the 1860 edition of "Leaves of Grass," so outspoken on the subject of sexual freedom.

"The majority of people do not want their daughters to be trained to become authoresses and poets; but only that they may receive sufficient education to serve as the basis of life-long improvement and self-cultivation, and which will qualify them to become good and intelligent wives and mothers. . . . We want a race of men and women turned out from our schools, not of pedants and blue-stockings. One genuine woman is worth a dozen Fanny Ferns; and to make a woman a credit to her sex and an adornment to society, no further education is necessary than that of which the public schools lay the foundation, and personal study and self-improvement in after life must build the superstructure."

It should be added that Whitman is arguing against the spending of public moneys for such an education as only the few could or would take advantage of. Yet, until late in life he had a certain distrust of the well-educated man, being all the more biased, no doubt, because he himself was self-educated and because his mother, whom he adored, was almost illiterate.

A few of Whitman's references to then current literary topics will indicate the sanity and independence of his critical judgment. After commending Griswold's industry as an anthologist, he added: "His treatment of poor Poe, however, is a blot upon his memory which it will require all our charity to erase. He was an impersonation of literary jealousy and uncharitableness—and what can be more bitter?" When the *Atlantic Monthly* was begun in 1857, Whitman welcomed it cordially. Holmes's *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* papers were running in the early issues of the magazine, and Whitman read them with interest. "We think that after these papers shall have been completed and collected in book form, the witty M. D. will reap more enduring fame from them than from any of his more pretentious efforts. They prove him to be one of the wittiest, most hopeful, and most philosophic of modern essayists."

About this time Emerson's little poem "Brahma" appeared in the *Atlantic*, to the obfuscation of many minds not congenitally transcendental. But it gave Whitman no trouble, for he was not only a mystic himself but was well enough acquainted with Oriental literatures to give it its proper reference. It is pleasing to find him coming at once to Emerson's defense, as Emerson, two years before, had given his own first edition such a generous send-off. "Some of the papers are poking fun at Emerson," he said, "on account of the unintelligibility of his little Mystic Song entitled "Brahma" in the new *Atlantic Monthly*. The name of the poem is a facile key to it; Brahma, the Indian Deity, is the absolute and omnipresent god, besides whom all is illusion and fancy, and to whom everything apparent reverts in the end. This pantheistic thought Emerson expresses, not only clearly, but with remarkable grace and melody." Page the author of "The Realm of Essence," who once complained of Whitman as the poet of barbarism.

Once, in a brief article dealing with the scandals which the press was then circulating about Dickens, Bulwer, and Landor, Whitman made a plea for tolerance toward men of special gifts. "The world has not yet learned how to deal with men of genius. There should be more forbearance shown, more lenity exercised. Because a man occupies a prominent position in the eyes of the public and yet is not free from the frailties of humanity, there can exist no good reason why the hounds of the press should execrate him, nor why the public should join in full cry to hunt him down to infamy."

An editorial under the heading, "Can All Marry?" there is reason to suppose, was a contributing cause of Whitman's loss of his position on the *Times*. The tradition that he was removed because of his defense of Judge Culver when the latter got into difficulties by objecting to a defense of slavery by the pastor of the First Baptist Church of Williamsburg does not fit the dates, though it is true that Whitman was criticized for his manly insistence on fair play for the judge. Charles M. Skinner, one-time editor of the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* and an acquaintance of some of the men who had served the *Times* during Whitman's editorship, tells us: "It is said that certain orthodox deacons of what was then a smug, conventional town, objected to articles that got into the paper somehow, and that he resigned in consequence of their objections, yet he never showed the least impatience toward his critics, carrying himself with a large, bland dignity to the last."

These articles appear to have been the one just mentioned and another entitled "A Delicate Subject," which, in the course of a review of Sanger's "History of Prostitution," endorsed the recommendations of a New York City commission proposing a system of licensing and inspection such as is common in European countries. At times Whitman wrote of the vice of prostitution as plainly as Stephen Crane was to do, but he had outgrown the sentimental enthusiasm which marked his early approach to such reforms as temperance and the abolition of capital punishment; he was now, thanks to his long experience as a journalist and to his varied associations, a realistic sociologist.

The other article, "Can All Marry?" would today be looked on as tentatively offering a Freudian explanation of the fact that the knowledge of sex is not always limited to those who wear wedding rings. Whitman advocates nothing; he merely tries to understand the problem, as a modern novelist might, from the subjective rather than from the social or moral angle. Indeed, in another article he had excoriated the free lovers in convention at Rutland, Vermont, and denounced their ridicule of the institution of the family. "The marriage relation, in the opinion of these amiable lunatics, was a detestable humbug." But his point of view in "Can All Marry?" was doubtless precisely what irritated the puritanical deacons; they would prefer not to have the subject of sex discussed at all, and certainly not sympathetically.

Whitman, as I have said, looked upon woman's place as the home, and he recommended that she fit herself for that place by learning to observe the laws of physical health and to develop a personal pride, which, without a proper adjustment to sex, seemed to him unnatural. But he realized also the fact that marriage has an economic base. He knew that the high cost of marriage made the normal relation of the sexes impossible to many. His leader raises the question, Are these persons therefore to remain sex ignorant? He denounced abortion, a common method of birth control at that time, and he seems to have known nothing about any other; but it seems fair to suppose that were he living today he would not be hostile to the plan of Judge Ben Lindsey for those who cannot afford to raise a family.

"Are crochet, or crossed letters, or Sunday schools, so entirely engrossing as to drown forever the reproaches of Nature, that will make herself heard? If not, surely the most phlegmatically proper of her sex does sometimes feel sad and dissatisfied when she thinks that she has never been able to care for any one more than for her own brother. Everyone remembers the reply of the débutante to her austere parent, when the latter refused to take her to a ball, saying that she had seen the folly of such things, 'I want to see the folly of them too.' Few of us men can realize the feeling that, with our sisters, may account for, though not excuse, much folly and some sin. They see others happy all around them. It is hard to fast when so many are feasting. So there comes a shameful sense of ignorance—a vague, eager, desire for knowledge,—a tremor of an isolation deepening and darkening upon them, and a determination, at any risk, to balk, at least, *that* enemy—and so, they grow restless, and reckless, and rebellious at last. They are safe where they are, but the days have so much of dull sameness that there is a sort of temptation in the unknown peril. 'Better,' they say, 'than the close atmosphere of the guarded castle, and the phantasms of fairyland, one draught of the fresh outer air—one glimpse of real life and nature—one taste of substantial joys and sorrows that shall wake all the pulses of womanhood; even though the experience be brief and dearly bought; though the web woven while we sat dreaming must surely be rent in twain."

That this attempt at sympathetic understanding of the sex-starved woman was received so militantly by the influential deacons of Williamsburg may have been responsible for some of the emphasis that Whitman gave to the subject in the new edition of his poems that he was then preparing.

Charles Morgan, whose fine novel, "The Fountain," is soon to be issued in this country, is quoted to the effect that he was found reading "Paradise Lost" at an age when it was supposedly entirely beyond his comprehension. One of his elders, discovering him at the task, sent him out to play. He returned again, however, again and again to the poem, until its cadences made a permanent impression in his mind, and now find reflection in his writing.

Among the recent bequests to the Royal Literary Fund was one of £444 made by Mrs. Brooke, being the proceeds of the sale of her son Rupert Brooke's books and papers.

Dainty Art

THE HAPPY PRISONER. By LORNA REA. New York: Harper & Bros. 1932. $2.

IF you would know what deafness can mean in real life, read "The Journal of Marie Lenéru," with the tragic account of its gifted author's efforts to recapture through memory all the sounds she had ever heard before silence descended upon her at the age of thirteen. If you would know what it can mean in fiction, read "The Happy Prisoner," the tale of Clare Pembridge who also, as it happens, lost her hearing at thirteen. And then, if you are one of those who believe that literature should be an improvement on life, you will find solace in this new novel (or long short-story) by the author of "Six Mrs. Greenes." For Lorna Rea has, with the license of the imaginative writer, made her heroine's deafness a blessing instead of an affliction. Clare, you see, was sure that everyone was good and kind and clever, so long as her ears were shut. She sat among her mother's guests, convinced that a brilliant tide of conversation swept about her; on all sides she met only tact, courtesy, and affectionate regard. Then, rescued from her ivory tower by a knight errant disguised as a rising young English politician, the happy prisoner met the world on its own terms and discovered it for what it was. The sequel to this encounter is best told by Mrs. Rea, who after all imagined it.

"The Happy Prisoner" is as convincing as a fairy tale, and as charmingly told as such tales should be. Its virtues are those of simplicity, innocence, and dainty, economical writing. It will seem alive with sentiment or sentimentality according to the prejudices of the individual reader. The critic who would condemn it would have to condemn its kind entire, for within the circle of that kind it is perfect. It is, in short, a pretty flower, not to be taken up with tongs; a bright butterfly, not to be broken on the wheel.

Harold Monro's London bookshop has been a centre for poets and poetry-lovers for about twenty years, says the *Manchester Guardian*. Nearly all the most interesting contemporary poets had read their own poetry at the Thursday gatherings in the room behind the shop.

A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

LIMITS AND RENEWALS. By RUDYARD KIPLING. *Doubleday, Doran.*

A collection of short stories and poems, a number of which have never been published before.

AMERICA IN THE PACIFIC. By FOSTER RHEA DULLES. *Houghton Mifflin.*

A survey and discussion of the past and future interests of the United States in the Pacific.

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF FRANCIS THOMPSON. *Century.*

A new edition with biographical and textual notes by Rev. Terence L. Connolly.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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Magnificent Unevenness

LIMITS AND RENEWALS. By RUDYARD KIPLING. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

CONCERNING Kipling's new book of stories and interpolated poems, "Limits and Renewals," I have a queer desire. It would interest me enormously to see it reviewed by some junior who had never read any Kipling. Am I all wrong, I wonder, in doubting whether the newest generation will at all perceive its strange, highly specialized wave-length? Is it that the Kipling feeling is something one needs to be brought up with and nourished upon? And will the

A caricature by Roland Young.

reviewers scum us off with the familiar palaver that this is not the old R. K. of our idolatry? Bosh: there are things in this book as efficient as he ever did. Who else, under God's heaven, could do the Chaucer hoax in the first story—yes, and give us fragments of an imagined Canterbury Tale that have the very smell of the Tabard? Who else could give us that picture of the dead Aberdeen terrier chasing through Paradise when she hears her master's voice—

Flushing the cherubs everywhere
And skidding as she ran—

Who else would describe the eye of St. Paul as seen by the Roman navigator: "He looked at me like an old gull lounging just astern of one's taffrail in a full gale." What other living hand could do that railroad station in Hell? And the story "Unprofessional," intimating strange pathologies and tides in man's own tissue governed by the stars, might one hope that every surgeon should read it—and let his imagination ponder. It belongs beside the famous Keats story ("Wireless") of so many years ago..

Magnificent stuff, uneven and difficult, as great things have a way of being. Perhaps often and often the unpractised reader would have small notion what's going on. The professedly humorous tales make least appeal to me. The miracle of the umbrella, or the eiderdown quilt supposed to be a corpse, do not warrant the mirth ascribed to them. But what matter, for they stand beside examples of such felicity as men's hands rarely surpass. The exquisitely insinuated portrait of the old French soldier-priest, with the glorious rightness of each translated word—as the noble poem says, "It is enough—it is France!" The Bermuda story about the recalcitrant naval parrots is less than complete success, but its introductory poem is a permanent addition to Shakespeare lore. There is one little story here—touching on the true episode of a "British warm"—which in tenderness and local color comes straight from the Jungle Book. There is, this time, no allusion to Jane Austen: in this volume the Perpetuation of Gratitude Toward Lesser Lights turns in oblique homage to Juliana Horatia Ewing. The final parable, "Uncovenanted Mercies," holds its own with any masterpiece of human pity.

You see it is impossible to "review" this book. It is unaccountable to aught but its maker's own extraordinary power. The newspapers will notice mainly the mere fact that there is one brilliantly sardonic poem about Hollywood. There are no large finger-posts identifying the seven or eight triumphs in verse and prose where the old Kipling miracle zigzags across the page and strikes in lightning on the appointed word. It is no use to try to explain these things in the wrong quarters. Those bred upon the passwords will know and understand.

(Yes, the old skill is there, but the old mannerisms have become more objectionable with time. Is it the inherent fault of the short story, that literary form which Kipling did more than any other to foist upon our age as the typical fodder of readers craving sensation, and the typical self-expression of the journalist mind in its literary phase? For in his poetry these tags and exaggerations and over-emphases, put in like punctuation, are not so noticeable, and seldom objectionable. He was the greatest of the story tellers of the turn of the century. He still, as C. M. says, can shoot out his left when least expected. But (protect me from his wrath!) he belonged with and still savours of those preciosities of that curious period which cuddled its strenuosities and its niceties alike in the arms of Romance. Spengler was right. Stevenson and Kipling and Barrie, Richard Hovey and William Watson and the young Booth Tarkington, Maurice Hewlett and James Lane Allen and Austin Dobson—yes, and the Chap Book *and the* Yellow Book *and Aubrey Beardsley and the Yellow Kid and George Ade—they all came out of the same nest, with every pin feather designed in advance and the realistic worm held daintily in beak, or, as with R. K., waved lustily. Even the pseudo Chaucer that C. M. praises is mannered, not stylized like so much real Chaucer. But R. K. is a great writer. He will survive his mannerisms, though I fear they will drag many of his short stories and a few larger craft down to the ooze where so much of his period already rests.)* H. S. C.

Passing Strange

PASSING STRANGERS. By FELIX RIESENBERG. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT KEITH LEAVITT

MR. RIESENBERG'S latest novel is possessed by the Great Depression. But it is not a story *of* that melancholy phenomenon. It is not an "All Quiet" of the Hoover Era; nor was it intended to be. Let me make this clear: Suppose that in 1916 some greatly grieving, tremendously worried, infinitely voluble man of unlimited capacity for weirdly detailed imagination, but with no regard for first-hand literalness of warfare, no more than casual, fragmentary acquaintance with economic and political history, and no experience whatever of statesmen and generals, had been irresistibly impelled by what he saw or thought he saw of the terrible possibilities of Armageddon to fling on paper a tale forecasting the outcome of that appalling calamity. Suppose that novel to have predicted events more lurid but less awful than cold reality itself produced. Suppose that the author had chosen to make his picture of the holocaust bitterly satirical in intent but deadly serious in manner. Suppose all this and you have the makings either of a work of genius or of an absurdity—gripping, a little frightening, but preposterous.

I honestly do not know which Mr. Riesenberg's book is. It has the strange, vivid, vastly detailed urgency of a dream. It is not drowsy reading. It is hard to lay down, unless you lay it down in exasperation. It moves with a terrific, determined rush through flashing episode and massive monologue alike. Nothing can stop it. It is nervous, vibrant, headstrong. But it has all of a dream's mad independence of reality. Not a nightmare, mind you, nor a disconnected, fragmentary, illogical dream. It is like one of those ridiculously reasonable dreams that are completely and utterly unreal down to the last detail.

The story concerns a group of people overtaken by the Depression which, in Mr. Riesenberg's book, is rather an avalanche. Into the lives of these people and a score or two accessory characters the collapse (as Mr. Riesenberg sees it) of everything supposedly sound in the economic structure comes like a tornado, scattering them, bruising some, killing others, and flinging the survivors irrationally together again.

Mr. Riesenberg's characters are sharp and clear, but unconvincing. They are weirdly unreal even in their own fantastic setting. And that setting, crowded though it is with ten thousand minutely observed and breathlessly recorded facts, the harvest of an unusually gifted and tireless reporter, is nevertheless as elusive and unstable as the world you pass through coming out of ether.

I would not wrong Mr. Riesenberg. This preposterous quality of his tale is evidently deliberate and calculated. Only occasionally, as in his description of Laura's stage success, is he betrayed by his intent away from the effect he means to create. He has set out deliberately to loose one Gargantuan "bird" at the world as he sees it. There is not an overt smile in the book. There is a terrific burden of pity for mankind running all through it. There is a sense of compulsion about the story, as though Mr. Riesenberg had to pour it out as it was or burst. His indignation, his sorrow, and his scorn are all compressed in a single great bladder of tragic farce and blown in the face of the world as one tremendous hoot.

Man to Man

BOY. By JAMES HANLEY. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

WHEN James Hanley published his first book, "Men in Darkness," he made a savage thrust at the tranquillity of readers who like to take their fiction in a pleasant, easy stride, without disturbing after-effects and with scarcely a backward glance of recollection. The five stories that composed the book were of a kind through which there was no easy passage, and they defied the reader's memory to cast them out. There are printed words to prove that they gave some critics a thoroughly bad time, while they goaded others into the belief that a new genius had come out of Dublin; but, whatever the opinion they provoked, there was no ignoring them. And "Boy," like them, refuses to be lightly put aside. With them it demands an answer to the question: What is the true worth and range of this author whose writing produces so startling an initial impact?

The first obvious fact is that James Hanley has, so far, contented himself almost exclusively with a single theme: man's brutality to man. This is the theme of three of the five stories in "Men in Darkness"—of "Feud," "Rubbish," and "Greaser Anderson"—and it is the theme of his first novel, "Boy." In the first of the stories, age jealously and murderously defends itself against the advance of youth; in the second, society instinctively destroys a symbol of social failure; in the third, business kicks aside a human cog that has ceased to serve the machine; and in the novel, a boy falls victim to the worst passions that boyhood can excite in a world of men. Only in "Narrative" and the singularly moving tale of "John Muck" is the usually dominant theme subordinate.

JAMES HANLEY.

The variations which Hanley has played upon his chosen theme make comparison of those variations inevitable; but first, so that the nature of our subject-matter may be plainer, it is necessary to give a brief synopsis of "Boy."—Arthur Fearon, a sensitive, undersized lad, is taken from school when he is only thirteen, and sent by a brutal father to work on the Liverpool docks. The father has been a dock man all his life; the nature of his son is incomprehensible to him. One day in the filthy bilges and boilers of a ship that is being reconditioned is enough to reduce Arthur to a state of hysterical terror and physical revolt. His fellow workers have hazed him savagely, and his father has beaten him on his return home. He is left with but one thought, one blind instinct: he must get away. And so, flying from cruelty like a tortured animal, he stows away in the coal bunkers of a ship bound for Alexandria. When the ship is well at sea, he is dug out of his hiding-place more dead than alive, to find himself a lone boy in a crew of men. And then his real torture begins. His creator spares him nothing. The horror mounts as Hanley gives the bestiality of the crew full range; and the nerve-racked child is forced steadily towards the frontier of insanity. His senseless runnings to and fro, his hysterical outbursts, and his blind buffeting against the bars of his cage, remind us strongly of Temple Drake's similar actions in the early chapters of Faulkner's "Sanctuary." But in "Boy" there is no trace of the sultry atmosphere of mystery which is one of the potent elements of Faulkner's amazing tale. The story moves along a straight, plain line; and finally, after an experience in an Alexandria brothel, there is but one thing left for Arthur Fearon to do. Incapable of decision as he finally is, the responsibility for this deed devolves upon the captain, who does not shirk it. The boy's suffering is ended.

The proof of the story's strength is that one cannot read it without acute discomfort, that one cannot soon forget it. But I do not think "Boy" is the purest or most effective manifestation of Hanley's tragic power. Its brutality is wanton, self-conscious, directed by a narrator who is determined to exploit every shocking resource at his command. (And to be merely shocking is not so difficult if one flings all taboos to the winds and ignores the censor.) John Cowper Powys has defended the author of "Men in Darkness" against the charge of sadism, but I do not believe that the author of "Boy" can be so defended. The tragic force of "Feud," "Rubbish," and "Greaser Anderson" derived from the fact that the victimizers, in those tales, were themselves as much in the grip of external forces as were their victims. They were compelled. But Hanley fails to convince us that the crew of the *Hernian* suffers from any such ineluctable compulsion. We feel, on the contrary, that we are witnessing a fiendishly cruel set-up, arranged by a wilful literary artist; and the result is that, while those other tales had something of the inevitable sweep of Greek tragedy, this novel holds more than a hint of bear-baiting.

In the two books that Hanley has published, he has exercised a genuine and rare literary talent within a narrow range. Only the future can tell whether he will extend that range, or pervert that talent.

H. R. Charlton, writing in the *Manchester Guardian* apropos the Goethe centenary, says: "In literature alone Goethe's achievement is stupendous. When he was born there was nothing which the rest of Europe could recognize as German literature. During his youth the Germans themselves were trying to fill the gap by putting French ideals into the German tongue. But within the span of his own life Germany found its distinctive voice and joined in the hegemony of European culture. In this achievement Goethe was himself the greatest single force. In drama, in novel, in idyll, in epic, in lyric, whether song or elegy, romantic ballad or classic ode, he was first amongst his peers, where peers there were."

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The Riddled Sphinx

AFTER THE DELUGE. By LEONARD WOOLF. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by W. Y. ELLIOTT

THIS is a book worth publishing, worth reading, worth owning.

Mr. Woolf, who has spent so many years in attacking imperialism in its grosser forms and in preparing a way for internationalism, has now produced the subtlest attack on the authoritarian national state that exists. It is no disrespect to Mr. Laski to say that this work is profound where the "Grammar of Politics" was only brilliant. Democratic thought has suffered such confusion from the disagreements of its champions,—the pluralists, the socialists, the constitutionalists—that its case as a moral principle of authority has been in some danger of going by default.

"After the Deluge" is the first volume of what promises to be a classic attempt at restating the case for individualistic democratic liberty in the most uncompromising terms, not balking at the extension of the notion of moral personality regardless of race, color, or even of glandular secretions, chromosomes, and intelligence tests. Yet the effort involves, Mr. Woolf proclaims in his subtitle, "A Study of Communal Psychology." He proposes for his understanding of the nature of this Sphinx's Riddle—the psychology of democracy—no less a task than filling the gap which he feels historians have left: the true causes of the Great War—the Deluge and "its place in human history."

"I make the suggestion, never, I believe, made before, that the world should be governed by historians." The real novelty of this suggestion lies in the fact that it is couched in terms of *sollen* rather than *sein*. Every patriotic society realizes that the world, or at least the units which compose its political life, are governed by historians to the degree that the historians interpret the social mythology on which political communities depend for their inner life. Consequently the American Legion, the D. A. R., etc., keep a watchful eye upon the texts which are approved for school use.

Mr. Woolf's historian has something of the prophet in him in the shaping of myths. To that degree he has been anticipated in his proposal by Plato. The "cooling" effect of the historical perspective which might result in a Republic somewhere intermediate between that ruled by Plato's philosophers and that guided by M. Poincaré, depends upon the historian.

As such a historian Mr. Woolf himself has admirable qualities which speak throughout this volume. He is learned, he is allusive, he writes with conviction and clarity. But he has, perhaps, two grave defects: One reading this work would gather from it, as one would from most historians of the same pluralistic and anti-nationalistic persuasions, that the great triumphs of English liberty all arose from successful challenges to authority,—from Wilkes through the Reform Acts, from the pushing over of the barriers of Hyde Park in 1865 to the General Strike of 1926, the "communal psychology" is that of direct action. Yet the real triumphs of communal psychology in England may well have operated in those organic qualities of tradition supported by Burke. Were not these qualities so often celebrated, the reason that the course of events followed a model not applied on the heaving continental scene? After all, what is "communal" psychology?

That, it seems to me, is the second unresolved difficulty about turning over the world to the governing of this historian: Has he any definite community as the basis of his anti-nationalistic democracy? The nationalist has a community which is produced by quite definitely communal ideas, and which in turn supports them. So has the Marxian. But the notion of community requires more systematic analysis if it is to support in the same "communal psychology" conceptions so various as the elder Cecil's "Joint-stock-company" view of the state and that of Ruskin or even of Matthew Arnold.

The nineteenth century saw communal psychology functioning in terms of a nationalism based very largely on the sheer problem of survival. Democracy was far more a supporting than a limiting concept, despite Mr. Woolf. And the international community upon which unrestricted human equality of rights can be grounded can hardly yet be taken for granted by a historian if he be more concerned to describe existing facts than to prophesy.

Perhaps the second volume will bring the analysis of democratic ideas into closer relation with the elusive communal element of psychology. It may be that communal ideas are only those that have established their dominance for a given period. Surely, in any case, nowhere have the implications of civil and of political liberty, and the matrices of democratic theory been better illustrated than here. What a relief is a book like this in these times—ruled by most vulgar assumptions of economic determinism as the sole guide to all historical interpretation. For its author is robust enough a Platonist to insist on interpreting the roots even of the Great War as sprouting from the seeds of men's ideas. To the born reformer—and such a one is Mr. Woolf, for all his professions to the historian's role—a world shaped by ideas is always a world that can be changed.

The Will to Power

BEHEMOTH: The Story of Power. By ERIC HODGINS and F. ALEXANDER MAGOUN. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1932. $3.50.

THE POWER FIGHT. By STEPHEN RAUSHENBUSH. New York: The New Republic. 1932. $1.

Reviewed by ERNEST GRUENING

THESE two books on totally different aspects of the same subject may be juxtaposed with singular appropriateness. The one traces the discoveries of invention and science in their cumulative conquest and conversion to man's use of nature's forces. The other permits us to gaze on the sorry spectacle of what man has done with this heritage. The one expounds the miracle and triumph of civilization. The other exposes its failure to make its stupendous tools productive of greater human happiness.

Starting with the definition of civilization as an "effort on the part of men to leave things better organized than they found them," "Behemoth, the Story of Power," deals briefly with the earlier mechanics, an easily condensable story from Archimedes, Thales of Miletus, and Hero of Alexandria, to Leonardo, William Gilbert, and Robert Boyle—from the dawn of history to the middle of the eighteenth century. Then follow, in exciting succession, the inventions of Newcomen, Watt, Stephenson, and Fulton with steam, the inauguration of the first industrial revolution, and the subsequent era of rapid transportation by rail, steamboat, and automobile. Parallel are the earlier and wholly non-utilitarian experiments in electricity of Franklin, Galvani, Volta, Ohm, Faraday, and Ampère, until in the latter nineteenth century their discoveries are expanded into practical use by Edison and others, steam and electricity first competing, until in our own day, electric power becomes the dominant force, revolutionizing the world far beyond the abilities of all the Cæsars, Alexanders the Great, Washingtons, and Napoleons. It is a thrilling story, fascinatingly told, enlivened with shafts of humor and gentle irony, a book that may usefully take a permanent place in everyone's library. To our older political historiography, our more recent reëxamination of the past through the spectacles of economic determinism, and the other varieties of cultural and philosophic approaches to the story of man, is here added a popular summary of that epoch without precedent—the era of applied science.

Look on that picture and on this! From the true dream-world that makes pale some of Jules Verne's wildest phantasies, from the release and physical capture of forces that can end human drudgery, have already reduced space, achieved abundance, and multiplied man's power over his environment a thousand fold, comes awakening to the starker reality of a shattered society, overwhelmed by productivity, starving amid plenty. And in this waking nightmare, Midas, Tantalus, Sysiphus, Frankenstein, become symbolic spectres confronting the unhappy human pygmy of 1932!

Mr. Raushenbush's book, with a telling accumulation of facts—and virtually complete absence of preachment—makes clear one considerable reason for this most glaring of paradoxes, this most ironical of contrasts. The financial freebooter, the industrial privateer, has taken possession of this heritage, monopolized it to the pecuniary advantage of a favored few, brought us to our present predicament.

Here is the latest word on the as yet little known titanic conflict for the control and usufruct of the greatest power on earth today—"power." The identity of these two words is significant, intrinsic, unescapable. Control of electric power is the stake around which a financial oligarchy has in recent years thrown up high breastworks, both political and cultural. It is for this prize that legislators have been bought, education polluted, public opinion—through every available channel—perverted. "The Power Fight" is the most revealing book since the vertiginous descent into our economic Avernus began two and a half years ago. It makes clear the whole anti-social nature of the acquisitive, exploitative, speculative forces in our present economic system—makes it clear in terms of electric power, with its immediate ramifications to our executive, legislative, and, more particularly, our judicial branches, of delegated political power. It is one of the author's demonstrated conclusions that the contemporary buccaneering of the privately-owned utilities is costing the American people not less than a million dollars a day in excessive charges for electric current. How these excessive charges are arrived at through inflated valuation, capitalization of dreams and myths, extravagance, litigation charged to operating expenses, control of regulation by the supposedly regulated, and a variety of other factors, is set forth with deadly precision. With the author's conclusion that there is no hope in regulation, and that public ownership is the only solution, there is bound to be some disagreement even among those who fully realize the iniquities of the *status quo* and that regulation has to date failed to cope with them. Mr. Raushenbush has done a superb piece of research and compilation. This will be, *par excellence*, the volume which the power propagandists will, in the manner recently brought to light by the Federal Trade Commission, seek to exclude from public libraries and general circulation, as they sought to exclude for merely occasional heresies certain scholarly books of Charles A. Beard, William Z. Ripley, William Bennett Munro, Charles J. Bullock, and other eminent American economists and political scientists. But despite the *index electricus expurgatorius*, elementary self-interest requires that every American read and tell his neighbor about 'The Power Fight," which bids fair to be the battle, if not of the century, then at least of its second quarter.

The Crows

By DAVID MCCORD

I.

This morning, when I heard the crows
Blaming the rows
Of city houses, blaming the noise,
I knew no boys
Were chasing them from field to tree to field,
Or that the sentry, his sharp eye peeled
For danger from the farm,
Had spread wings and alarm,
And the whole flock, suddenly mutinous,
Gone flying over us.
There was no field nor acre
Which the proud city-maker
Had not dug to houses, set in stone,
Or scraped to the brown bone.
There was no traffic here
For crows this time of year
If not in summer when geranium pots
Flower the standard lots.
It must have been the spring that drew them by.
Lying in bed I didn't see them fly
In querulous talk
Above the sparrowed walk:
I only heard them cawing as you hear
Them in the longbow of the year,
When the dead chestnut breaks upon the hill,
And the dark woods come darker still
Because the light is younger where it shows
The clearest meadow and the blackest crows.

II.

They were not come to stay.
Crows never caw that way,
Trailing the sound behind them as if scare
Pursued them down the altitudes of air,
Except to say once more:
March is outside the door
Flaming some old desire
As man turns uneasily from his fire.
March in the sky, least in the ground, that is:
The city is not his
Who looks for blades on brick
And the cold dead to quick.
On heavy wing
they cleared us
in a file
Of wise old ministers who never smile.
Perhaps we seemed to them
Another theorem
Of parellels and planes
For corbel brains.
Perhaps they saw in smoke
The substituting oak,
And the last windward knoll
In calculus of coal.
We were the writhen horn
Above the wasting corn,
We were the western pass
To the deep eastern grass;
Perhaps they said:
the landfall of great seas,
Or to be feared, or to be tried as trees.
Lying in bed, I didn't hear it all:
They had to wake me through a city wall
With still the same cool critical catarrh
That I have heard afar
In greening wood or yellowing grain,
And knew that I should die just not to hear again.

III.

Whatever it meant, they never came to rest.
Their going (as I guessed)
Had more the text of migratory souls
Than wings for other springs
and other goals.
We were too much a fact or too unreal
To break the steel,
The bullet-heart, that drove
Home to the meadow and the maple grove.
I might have tried to strip the cloudy dawn
From the right sky to see where they had gone,
As one will follow geese
Disturbing the mind's peace;
But I preferred the lack
Of their long day flown slowly into night
And the last crow blinding from my sight,
Black into black.
It was enough that I should hear by name
Mention of the spring before it came;
Rumor, which is all a city has
Of the seed's own grievance to be grass.
March, April, goes. . . .
I heard the crows
Who less than man or bird
Beg the impending word.
I saw the raven head,
Questioning
(from my bed)
Searching horizons still
Over the dusty sill,
Leaving between two thoughts one consolate sign
Of what, too, once was mine.

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The BOWLING GREEN

Human Being

XV. "LIKE A LOVER"

SITTING in the little inside room at Jules's, Hubbard could overhear jets of conversation from the group round the big table in the kitchen. He was alone, waiting for George Work to join him. The kitchen was packed with strong noisy life: it seemed to flow like a current through the openings, along the dingy passage where the coats hung, pressed against the barred basement door. There was the sharp crackle and hiss of cooking, the soft slam of the ice-box door as Jules drew out meats, the comfortable grumble of men's voices thinking while they ate. Through the basic savors of lamb, garlic, gravy, cauliflower, vinegar, and tobacco smoke came a cool whiff of Vermouth. Jules was incessantly busy, both hands and face. His swarthy complexion glistened with warmth and pleasure. Compounding a human mixture is not less artful than shaking a cocktail. Jules moved round and round that table like a spoon in a saucepan. He gurgled and cackled with laughter, he added some mysterious spice of bonhomie which gave the gathering its good human tang. Unknown to himself and them, he raised his clients to great heights. They took their ease. The plotting mind, enemy of poetry, was off duty. Analogy and anecdote ran like perfume in men's brains. Meanings that never occurred before suddenly spread over common things. They grinned at each other, appraised and admired the comedy of one another's faces. The warm fluid air was crowded with talk. Unexpected cargo of words appeared from nowhere: words explored, radiated, ran along nerves of new excitement. They did not know they had so many words in their lungs.

There was a subtle rhythm in that rumbling smoky sound. Hubbard, waiting alone and deciding on a rye highball, listened sensitively—not to catch meanings but to identify the measure. First a passage of low leisurely undertone; then a cackle from Jules; a brief pause; perhaps Madame's interpolated murmur. Then an upward slope of timbre, a quickening tempo. The acute listener perceives a little increase in potential: half a dozen instinctive virtuosos, without knowing it, are approaching an artistic climax. The voices, all different, overlap in sudden dissonance; seem to withdraw politely from each other,—then a glorious fraction of suspense: joy such as the maestro must feel in that fifth of a second while the baton holds in lifted premonition. Perfect creative expectancy . . . and then one other voice comes in, just on the needed slant of time and tone and accent. The clear bubble of human intercourse is exploded in sudden crash of uncalculated laughter. Will you orchestrate that for me, Respighi? *Moderato—animato—lento espressivo—molto vivace.* These performers are specially adept in the brass and the wind instruments.

The theme resumes. Clink of cutlery, hiss of stove, rattle of ice, scrape of chairs, go cheerily on until the next crescendo. Madame, smiling and beautiful, says little but is madonna of the scene. She knows that men are children; like children they get severely punished. She does not grudge them their illusions of the moment.

Heavens, I did not mean to deal with the scene in detail. I only intended to say that, sitting there, Hubbard overheard one remark that stuck in his head. It was one of those chance epigrams that shoot out from a scrimmage of conversation like a puck from a mellay of hockey players. "A good salesman is like a lover."

George Work came in, apologetic for being late, handsome and charming as ever, adorably shy behind that easy chaff of his. Hubbard quoted the line to him. "George, did it ever occur to you, a good salesman is like a lover?"

There was an understanding evasive flash in George's clear hazel eyes. How does one ever guess, or record, the bland childlike wisdom—and mischief—in that impish person? Just a playboy, you thought perhaps? No, I see him carrying things even heavier than bags of books when no one is looking. He leaves them round street corners or in hotel bedrooms when he goes calling on a customer. You would seek in vain to guess his horrors—or any man's—by direct approach. Most elusive of Big Game, how does one trail the human animal? Be yourself, George, I am not watching! I'm looking the other way.

"Well," he said, "there's no harm in being attentive. What about a little drink?"

⁂ ⁂

It was by George Work falling ill that Richard had his first chance to go on the road. George came down with flu the night before he was to leave for the South. Sam Erskine was in a ferment, because he thought he'd have to make the trip himself. Sam had done a lot of travelling in his day, but he had grown stout and perhaps a little lazy; also he had a bad habit, for the sake of clinching a startling deal, of offering discounts that were much too lavish. Some of his orders sounded magnificent when they came snorting in by wire, but when the details were haggled out later by the accounting department there was bitterness in the private office. "My God, Sam," said his brother Joe (the president of the company, and parboiled by years of controversy with printers and binders: he had charge of the manufacturing department). "Who do you think you are when you visit the Trade? Ophelia? Don't you wear anything but a nightgown and flowers among all those tough booksellers?"—Sam's terms had to be backed up, as he was a member of the firm, but they caused much indignation among The Boys themselves who afterward had to cover the same territory and restrain the customers from delusions of a golden age.

Anyhow, in this emergency, Sam was ready to play ball. As usual he was rather enjoying the sensation of doing a lot of things at once: dictating memos and telegrams to Miss Mac, calling for a messenger to go and get his bag, belaboring the Accounting Department for a post-mortem on certain perished accounts. The classic description of this state of mind is Cæsar's note in the *Gallic War:* "Everything had to be done by Cæsar at one time." The Sales Room was in a turmoil, when Richard Roe returned from one of his humble embassies among the jobs and remainders. He happened to hear Sam exclaiming: "I'll stop off at Cincinnati on the way. I know damn well Herman isn't getting the quantities he ought to from John Kidd. What time does that afternoon train leave for Cincy?"

Richard had not brooded in vain over Bullinger's Railway Guide.

"Four o'clock, Penn Station," he said. "The Cincinnati Limited."

"Fine," said Sam. "Miss Mac, phone for a reservation. Let's see, there must be a sleeper from Cincy to Nashville, ain't there?"

"Sure," said Richard. "Leave Cincinnati 11:05 p.m. on the Louisville and Nashville."

"Holy cat, Roe, do you know these timetables by heart? Is there an owl from Nashville to Atlanta?"

"Yes, sir, you can leave Nashville 1:30 a.m., be in Atlanta for breakfast."

Sam leaned back in his swivel chair and took a long look at Richard. For an instant, in the creak of the thick spring under the seat there was the sound of another small destiny changing gears. Sam glanced at Miss Mac, and she gave an imperceptible nod. Like Cæsar he could make shrewd and sudden decisions when he had to. With comfortable relief, also, he reflected that he need not spend three weeks in the rolling jails of Pullman.

"Look here," he said to Richard, "*you* make this trip. Can you leave this afternoon? Go right home and get your bag. I'll switch Herman down to the South, just for this once, and you can make a try-out in the Middle West."

⁂ ⁂

"A good salesman is like a lover." Certainly it was in the mood of high and tender romance that Richard approached his prentice wooing. The city of Harrisburg, capital of the great commonwealth of Pennsylvania, was the first rendezvous in his hastily planned itinerary. Like so many earnest lovers, he found the road strewn with unexpected boulders. He arrived late that evening, dreaming of generous orders. The legislature had just convened, the myriad schemers of that fecund State had gathered round the honeycomb, the hotel was full. The best they could offer him was a mattress spread on top of the grand piano in the hotel ballroom. He lay awake listening to the snores of political lobbyists disposed in cots along the wall. When finally he slept he was startled by some gerrymandering tippler who celebrated the resumption of specie payments by playing the piano at midnight. He consoled himself by imagining that this influx of politics should mean a demand for literature. But the next day he found Harrisburg disappointing. "My boy," said a grizzled bookseller, "politics and literature sleep in separate beds."

But the true lover is not easily dismayed. Richard never forgot Harrisburg; even years afterward he kept in touch, by occasional letter, with his first out-of-town customer. The orders were small, but the friendship was large. It was on that trip, after a week of weariness and discouragement, that he suddenly found himself whistling. He realized, with a shock of real embarrassment, that people liked him.

He began to learn the elements of the familiar routine. Lunchroom counters and the ketchup bottle. (When a travelling man dies he is crystalline with benzoate of soda.) Interurban trolleys. The definite equator across the middle of a lower berth. The fact that news means almost nothing when read in a strange newspaper. The peculiar freemasonry of understanding between travelling men and Pullman porters. And—most important of all—the philosophy of the Swindle Sheet. Like all beginners he wasted infinite time in itemizing every smallest expense. Each newspaper, shoe-shine, tip and taxi went carefully into his notes. He almost swooned with shame when he found that there was $1.35 he could not account for and which he must enter as *Incidentals.* As a result the bookkeeping department held up the account for weeks, and Sam had to expound the world-wide doctrine.

"Look at here, Roe," he said, "don't put all these picayune items down on your expense account. There's only supposed to be three kinds of amusements in the world, Wine, Women, and Song. Same way, there's only three kinds of expenses the accounting department can bear to listen to—Carfare, Hotels, and Meals. Don't use that word *Incidentals,* it always makes trouble. If you've got anything you can't remember, or you don't want to remember, write it down *Entertaining Buyers.* A good Manager doesn't waste time worrying about salesmen cheating on expenses. I never took a trip yet I wasn't out of pocket. When a man stacks up against the Road he deserves the best he can get. An accounting department will pass most anything as long as they don't have to ask questions about it. Sure, get your hair cut; I can't afford to have you running around like a damned lyric poet; but don't write it down."

⁂ ⁂

"Like a lover" was the phrase that started George Work on various lines of exposition, which would take long to cover. But I am thinking, more sentimentally, of the tomb of Andrew Jackson which George once described in recalling his visits to Nashville. In the garden

of ...itage, Andrew
Ja... graceful marble
ca... e humble grave
o... servant. A small
s... ...e *Alfred, aged* 98 *years. Faithful servant of Andrew Jackson.* Perhaps some day when literature retires to rest in a lofty stone mausoleum there will be room alongside it for an unpretentious burial—that of its faithful and humorous servant, the publisher's salesman.

(To be continued)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Humor and Allegory

UNCLAY. By T. F. POWYS. New York: The Viking Press. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS is a book written in the glorious tradition, or non-tradition, of eccentricity; it is one of those books that are like nothing else, except perhaps other books by their own authors. "Unclay" resembles only "Mr. Weston's Good Wine," which is high praise. At the beginning of the book, Death comes to the little village of Dodder, with the written orders of his Master to "unclay" two of the villagers; but he loses the paper, and so has to remain in Dodder until it is found. God also appears, under an alias under which one does not recognize Him for a time. The other characters have each their humors, in the Elizabethan sense; Lord Bullman, who is Pride, the Reverend Mr. Hayhoe, who is Charity or Christianity; and others.

It will be seen that "Unclay" is a morality tale, like the old morality plays, as was "Mr. Weston's Good Wine." It is plain that Mr. Powys writes morality because morality is important to him, and writes about God because God is important to him—one might almost say, because the Devil is important to him. For though Satan does not appear even in the background, as God does, nevertheless one feels him vividly behind that one of the masquers who is Cruelty. Clearly, for Mr. Powys, as for Peter Ibbetson, cruelty is the only real sin; the rest are only contrary to public expediency, or ridiculous, or the like—how ridiculous of stupid, ignorant, ill-bred Lord Bullman to be proud: —but cruelty is the awesome wickedness that makes credible Satan as holiness makes credible God. It is for this reason, I think, that his earlier books were complained of as revoltingly harsh, and it is for this reason that in the present book he has made his purpose clear by pushing his callousness to such an extreme that it appears as an unmistakable ironic affectation. He writes as if such things did not matter to him because they matter so much, and he challenges us because the unhappiness of others does not matter to us more.

But it must not be thought that this is an elevating moral allegory and nothing else. It is packed full of the most individual and delightful humor. Lord Bullman, whom he despises, and Mr. Hayhoe, whom he reverences and loves, are in equal degree, but in very different kind, the objects of his wit. Mr. Hayhoe, who regards the Bible and the works of Jane Austen as almost equally necessary to salvation, and who finds, indeed, that the Bible confirms the village strumpet in illdoing, whereas "Emma" reforms her, is as tender a figure of fun as the early Franciscans who made themselves the Clowns of God. And underlying all is the sense of the absurdity of the whole set of processes by which our souls deal with the world, which we call physical life; Mr. Powys has so strongly and pungently expressed a feeling for the jokes our bodies are that it is probable that ten years ago, when "Jurgen" was suppressed, this deeply moral book might have been likewise suppressed for immorality. And that, perhaps, is why the hero is Death. Life at its worst is cruel, and at its best ludicrous; but kind Death is only waiting for the orders of his Master to release us.

The majority of readers will indignantly decide that this is not a novel at all and they cannot make head nor tale of it; but there should be a few predestined readers to whom it will be almost what "Pride and Prejudice" was to Mr. Hayhoe.

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'S OF THE SPRING II.

By AMY LOVEMAN

THE Spring, belated and even now only timorously coming forth, is besetting us as we write, in the warm sunshine streaming in at the window, the posies we could hardly resist on the street, the leisurely throngs we saw on the Avenue. We felt like trying our luck in the Park where perhaps lurked adventure such as Robert Nathan focussed around the carousel in his novel of a year or two ago, "The Orchid," but, poor slave of the word that we are, we returned to our desk and our book list. Well, we'll take our wandering impulses out in recommending a tale that shows what can befall even in prosaic New York if only one has determination enough to yield to one's impulses. It's "The Square Root of Valentine" (Norton), by Berry Fleming, and it recounts the amazing experiences of a youth who stole forth early of a morning to see what his great colossus of a city was like before its millions were astir and walked straightway into intimacy with Eros and Psyche and nymphs and gaiety and inconsequence, and altogether proved what a wonderful place the world can be if only men can disengage themselves from their unessential selves. Here is a fantasy that should please those who like on occasions to elude on the pinions of fancy the ineluctable grind of life. There's another book about to appear which should also appeal to those who enjoy giving rein to their imagination, "The Place of the Lion" (Norton), by Charles Williams, which opens with a delightful scene and continues to a deeper undertone. If you are in search of gay reading that yet has enough satire to give it bite and that under its trifling hides acute observation and intimate knowledge of the facets of present-day life, Christopher Morley's ingenious "Swiss Family Manhattan" (Doubleday, Doran) ought to entertain you hugely. Elmer Davis's amusing, if frothy, tale of the youth who set forth for Florida with next to no money in his pocket but exceeding fertility of resources to stand him in its place, has enough of its author's never failing brilliancy of execution to make it good entertainmnt. It bears the title, "White Pants Willie," and is published by Bobbs-Merrill. A companion volume to it as amusing reading is Clarence Buddington Kelland's "Speak Easily" (Harpers).

The Spring, as you see, has started us off on the paths of dalliance. And we linger too long on the description of a few books when a long array of others is clamoring for attention. It is high time that we were reaching the announcement that there is a new volume by Rudyard Kipling making its bow almost this very day. "Limits and Renewals" (Doubleday, Doran) is a collection of stories with interstitial poems, and though we cannot feel it the equal of some of those volumes that won glory for its author around the beginning of the century, still it is a book to rejoice in. Here, in several instances at least, is Kipling, if not at his best, at his very good, and here is what might be almost regarded as a cross-section of his art, so representative is it in the variety of its stories of the whole of his work. It is a book which admirers of Kipling will not regret and will want to read.

That public which wishes to keep always abreast of the latest work of the authors who have achieved reputation and are the subjects of current literary discussion will find temptation for their leisure in Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World" (Doubleday, Doran), a satire on a civilization unified and standardized in Fordian fashion which is brilliant at times and scathing always; Louis Bromfield's "A Modern Hero" (Stokes), the story of a ruthless business career; John Dos Passos's "1919" (Harcourt, Brace), a kaleidoscopic, disjointed, but impressive work; Booth Tarkington's "Mary's Neck" (Doubleday, Doran), whose title refers to a summer resort in Maine and which throws into juxtaposition summer residents and natives of the region; Anne Parrish's "Loads of Love" (Harpers), a book which though it shows the same ability to satirize personality as did her earlier novels is nevertheless rather light weight; John Cowper Powys's "A Glastonbury Romance" (Simon & Schuster), a novel of ample length devoted to one small nook of the world; William McFee's "The Harbourmaster" (Doubleday, Doran), and William Faulkner's "Light in August" (Harrison Smith), which is not to be issued for some weeks yet.

There are several novels of English life —quiet annals—that stand out as worthy of attention: Francis Brett Young's "Mr. and Mrs. Pennington" (Harpers); J. D. Beresford's "The Old People" (Dutton), the first of a trilogy, we believe; "Mr. Darby" (Harcourt, Brace), by Martin Armstrong; Naomi Royde-Smith's slight but delicate "The Mother" (Doubleday, Doran), still in galley proof when we saw it, and not, we think, yet ready for publication; F. O. Mann's "The Old Woman Talks" (Harcourt, Brace), a book in which the author of "Albert Grope" again proves that he has power; Helen Ashton's low-voiced but effective "Bricks and Mortar" (Doubleday, Doran); Storm Jameson's "That Was Yesterday (Knopf); H. W. Freeman's "Fathers of Their People" (Holt), which places its action among the yeoman population; Norah Hoult's "Apartment to Let" (Harpers), which, on the other hand, plays in a London boarding house; A. J. Cronin's "Three Loves" (Little, Brown), another interesting but more or less melodramatic novel by the author of last winter's great success, "Hatter's Castle"; "Maids and Mistresses" (Knopf), by Beatrice Kean Seymour, and "The Fortnight in September" (Stokes), a gentle book to issue from the pen of R. C. Sherriff, author of "Journey's End."

Two novels which have met with great favor in England both from critics and public, and which are now receiving much eulogistic comment on this side of the water, are Louis Golding's "Magnolia Street" (Farrar & Rinehart), a long book confined to a tiny section,—the two sides of a London street on one of which the residents are Jews and on the other Gentiles; and "The Running Footman" (Macmillan), by John Owen, a moving tale, told with skill and feeling, and enriched by an interesting historical background.

The historical novel, though not represented in large numbers, has not been neglected in the Spring list. One of the best of the season's books as straight story is a work of this sort, Stewart Edward White's "The Long Rifle" (Doubleday, Doran), a tale of the Santa Fe trail and the Rocky Mountains, with Daniel Boone in the background, and the fur traders in the place of interest. The fur men play their part, too, in Gilbert Gabriel's "I, James Lewis" (Doubleday, Doran), a tale of John Jacob Astor's Astoria, while in "Among the Trumpets" (Houghton Mifflin), Leonard Nason, using the United States cavalry in France in 1918 as the protagonists of his book, has written stirringly of a later period. The war also serves as background, though it plays a remote part, in an excellent novel shortly to be issued, "The Fountain" (Knopf), by Charles Morgan. We read the book in manuscript before the publishers had set it up, and followed with fascinated attention the story of the English officer interned in a Dutch castle whose exile was illumined by his love for the English wife af a German officer. It is a book of rare felicity and thoughtfulness of spirit, an impressive work, and is eminently deserving of its selection by the Book-of-the-Month as one of its choices for the forthcoming months.

But to get back to the American scene. There are, first of all, a number of novels with the South as locale which demand notice. High among them in quality stands "Call Home the Heart" (Longmans, Green), by Fielding Burke (a pseudonym which disguises the personality of Olive Tilford Dargan), a book admirable in its first half, but, as art, weakened in its second by its propagandist tendency. It is a tale of the North Carolina mill regions which in its later sections reads almost like a transcript of newspaper reports. Julia Peterkin has a new novel in her familiar vein with the plantation again as background, and a good novel it is, this "Bright Skin" (Bobbs-Merrill). Maristan Chapman's "The Weather Tree" (Viking) also deals with a section and people made familiar by the author's earlier tales, while Erskine Caldwell's "Tobacco Road" (Scribners), a grim and sordid tale, is laid in Tennessee.

Leaving the South behind and coming to other parts of the country, we have a group of novels dealing with American life in its famiilar relations which make interesting reading. The Century Company has two books shortly to be issued, both dealing with the farmer, the first, "State Fair," by Phil Stong, a tale of the Corn Belt, brief, racy of the soil, and spiced with humor, and the second, "Years of Peace," by Leroy Macleod, a longer and more ambitious book, with some fine psychological portrayal and a narrative which as it unfolds reveals in convincing fashion the forces and necessities which govern its characters. Family life, which is the core of both these novels, is again the centre about which revolves the action of Helen Hull's "Heat Lightning" (Coward-McCann), the best work Miss Hull has as yet produced, and one which gains its effectiveness from the restraint of its tone.

We forgot before, when we were speaking of historical novels, to mention two books which certainly ought to have been included in the list; the first, not yet issued, we saw in manuscript form, and found ourselves reading with much greater assiduity than our lack of time justified. It is Helen Grace Carlisle's "We Begin" (Harrison Smith), a tale of the Pilgrim Fathers, and a good, vivacious story it is, with artistry enough to hide its careful documentation under a swift-moving narrative. Miss Carlisle is here amazingly different from the author who wrote the also effective "Mothers Cry." The other book we shoul have mentioned before is Christopher Ward's swinging story of a young New Englander of the early nineteenth century who fared forth to find his fortune in the newly opened Middle West. "The Life and Adventures of Jonathan Drew" (Simon & Schuster) is a fine, picaresque tale, like Miss Carlisle's covering up an exhaustive study of source material with a happy flow of incident.

But we must haste, and not linger so

(Continued on next page)

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

EDWIN MARKHAM IS EIGHTY

THE Dedication to Edwin Markham's latest book of poems, *New Poems: Eighty Songs at Eighty,* (Doubleday, Doran) reads as follows: "I affectionately dedicate this volume to the cordon of friends who have so generously given their time and strength to organize and consummate the celebration in honor of my 80th birthday at Carnegie Hall, April 24th—the day on which I will be eighty years and one day old on life's romantic road." April 24th means, of course, tomorrow evening at 8:15, when the Dean of American Poetry will speak to a large audience concerning his life work. The receipts of the evening will take Mr. and Mrs. Markham on their first trip abroad. The "Publisher's Note" in the poet's new volume next recapitulates the facts concerning that remarkable poem of Markham's which caused such a furore from coast to coast in the early dawn of this century, "The Man with the Hoe." The present volume is Markham's fifth, but he has not published a book for twelve years. Most of the poems here were written within the last five years, some of them within the last year. During that time Markham has composed some striking long poems which he will bring out later as chapbooks and which are not included here. One of the best was his "The Ballad of the Gallows-Bird" published in 1926 in *The American Mercury.*

Markham has retained unusual vigor both in his personality and in his writing. He has always been a dogmatic poet, but with a great liberality of spirit and an accomplished knowledge of versification. He has never surpassed his "Hoe" and his "Lincoln" poems. They were the work he was primarily born to do. His lyrics, sonnets, and epigrams are interesting though many of them slide off the mind. The last-named method of expression is perhaps best illustrated in this volume by the following:

THE THIRD WONDER

"Two things," said Kant, "fill me with
breathless awe:
The starry heaven and the moral law."
But I know a thing more awful and ob-
scure—
The long, long patience of the plundered
poor.

Here also is a brief lyric which seems to me well-condensed:

IMPERIOUS LOVE

The lesser gods are decorous
And with a meek petition wait;
But Love comes, fixing his own hour,
And hammers at the gate

He comes, announcing final terms,
And never cries his purpose twice;
For he has half of earth to give,
And all of Paradise!

Elsewhere I must admit that, while I admire the energy of this poet and his idealism, I find much work that dates considerably in language and manner of expression. The craftsmanship is not adept enough, the moral too obvious. But then the poet has already made his mark.

NEW POEMS FROM ALLEN TATE

Allen Tate has established himself as critic and biographer and has published one book of poems, "Mr. Pope and Other Poems," prior to the volume now under my eye, "Poems 1928:1931" (Scribner). The epilogue poem in the former volume is here prined as the prologue, apparently to preserve continuity between the two books. Quite frankly I do not understand certain phraseological feats that Tate performs. The poem of which I have just spoken, "Ignis Fatuus" ends:

What is the riot
When the pigeon moults his ease
Or exile utters the creed of memory?

To me this kind of writing is both inexact and inexpressive. It is startlingly self-conscious, but that is all. In certain poems Mr. Tate dispenses almost entirely with punctuation, and while, in "The Traveller" dedicated to Archibald MacLeish, this predilection does not present difficulties to the reader, I find that it presents a number in such a poem as "The Eagle." But proceeding past several poems that I do not possess sufficient patience completely to follow, including the symbolically irritating poem that has something to do with Alice in Wonderland, I come upon a well-described moment of death-pondering in "The Oath," and a poem called "The Wolves" which displays unusual imagination concerning fatality, mortality, superstitious fear. In between, a short poem called "The Paradigm," while to me confused, nevertheless contains considerable insight into the ways of lovers:

For in the air all lovers meet
After they've hated out their love,
Love's but the echo of retreat
Caught by the sunbeam stretched above

Their frozen exile from the earth,
And lost. Each is the other's crime:
This is their equity in birth,
Hate is its ignorant paradigm.

The John Donneishness of the above is obvious, and it is in the mode to be Donneish. But though we cannot praise Mr. Tate here for any originality, we must admit his accomplished absorption of a method.

In the second section there is distinct beauty in a vision of young forebears of the poet's:

In the hollows where the forefathers
Without beards their eyes bright and long
Lay down at sunset by the green river
In the tall willows amid bird-song

And the long sleep by the cool river
They've slept full and long, till now the air
Waits twilit for their echo—the burning
shiver
Of August strikes like a hawk the
crouching hare.

Again, I do not see the slightest improvement wrought by the omission of, to me, necessary punctuation, but the choice of words and the music of this passage are undeniably beautiful.

CREDITS AND DEBITS

"Records," dream and vision, are two strange and haunting poems; and after the unsuccessful "Causerie" we come upon a memorable musing on vanished Americans and a picture of a mother watching by a son's deathbed that takes us inside their minds in unsparing and wellnigh unforgettable fashion. "Sonnets of the Blood" is an interesting sequence though so personal and intimate as to be cryptic. One of the sonnets stands out with precise clarity:

My brother, you would never think me
vain
Or rude, if I should praise your dignity,
Perhaps I shall not. Dignity's the stain
Of mortal sin that knows humility.
Let me praise rather the hour when you
were born
Since if it's vain 'twere only childlike so
I've heard that in the dark before that
morn
Considerate death would hardly let you go
But you have lived as if to vindicate
Once more our slavery to circumstance
Not by contempt of that prescriptive fate
But in your bearing toward its hour of
chance,
Which is a part so humble and so proud
You'll think but little of it in your shroud.

In spite of the weak ending, this sonnet has a quality of utterance for which Mr. Tate usually strives but only infrequently achieves. The "Ode to the Confederate Dead," in spite of encomia it has received, and of its ambitious attempt, does not move me half so much. What I principally seek in poetry, the expression of genuine emotions with strength and simplicity, I do not find in this poet, whose virtues are other. His chief fault is an obscurantist pedantry, though he communicates well, upon occasion, the strangeness of life and, faintly, its irony. He writes, however, like a man in a library. His intellectuality seems to have been wrought to such a pitch as constantly to incommode and hamper the poetry that is in him. He is far too full of taking thought. T. S. Eliot is responsible for a good deal of such poetry. And yet in this small book there is a strict meditation of the thankless muse by which many comparatively slovenly craftsmen might well profit.

Books of the Spring II.

(Continued from preceding page)

long over the American scene that we forget there is a foreign one. Still we must tarry a moment longer less inadvertently we fail to mention, if we postpone doing so now, the fact that among the volumes promised for the near future which should be eminently worth seeing is Claire Spencer's "The Quick and the Dead" (Harrison Smith). Readers of "Gallows' Orchard" will know what a clean-cut and effective art is likely to be manifest here.

But to get back to that fiction of foreign lands of which we were on the verge of speaking a moment ago. There is excellent reading here,—in Jeno Heltai's striking tale of Budapest, "Czardas" (Houghton Mifflin), and that other tale of Hungarian life, but this time of the life of the pushtas, "People of the Plains" (Little, Brown), by Pal Szabo; in Bruno Brehm's "They Call It Patriotism" (Little, Brown); Alexander Tarasov's story of love in the Soviet State, "Chocolate" (Doubleday, Doran), Leonid Leonov's "Soviet River" (Dial), Felix Salten's "The City Jungle" (Simon & Schuster), a book which it is needless to say concerns itself with animals; Vicki Baum's "And Life Goes On" (Doubleday, Doran), and, for lovers of Colette, in "The End of Chéri" (Putnam). The long promised final volume of Proust's "The Past Recaptured" (Boni), is announced again. As yet we have seen neither galley nor page of the book.

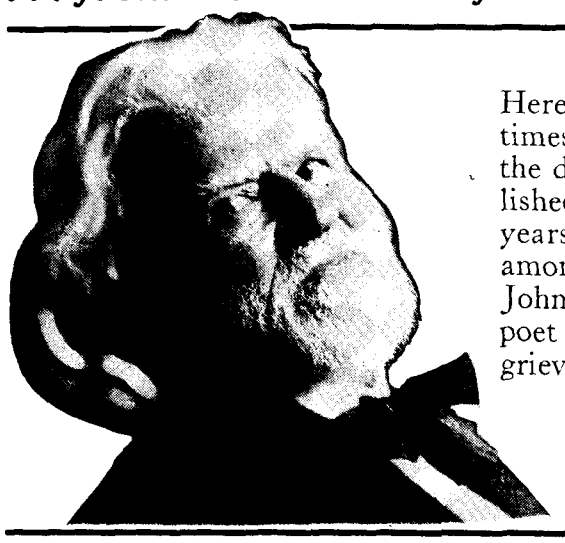
And now we draw to an end of the space for our fiction. Yet there are books we meant to include in our enumeration to which we find we have given nary a word. We'll list them, at least, for you, though we have no leeway to discuss them. Here they are: "Passing Strangers" (Harcourt, Brace), by Felix Riesenberg; "The Master of the House" (Cape-Ballou), by Radclyffe Hall; "The Birthday" (Cape-Ballou), by Samuel Rogers; "Family Name" (Dial), by Arnold Lunn; "Stormbury" (Macmillan), by Eden Phillpotts; "The Month of May" (Century), by Jane Dashwood; "Broken Arcs" (Holt), by Erica Zastrow; "November" (Roman), by Gustave Flaubert (now first appearing in English); "The Mother" (Henkle), by Yusuke Tsurumi, a best-selling Japanese author; "Women Live Too Long" (Harcourt, Brace), by Vina Delmar; "Unclay" (Viking), by T. F. Powys, a book mingling humor and allegory, and setting forth what happened when Death came to the village; and Marguerite Steen's "Unicorn" (Century).

Alas and alack! We forgot the detective stories, and we are far too fond of indulging in literature of the kind ourselves to allow such an omission to go unretrieved. Here is a selection of titles from the still constant flow of mystery tales: "The Dr. Thorndyke Omnibus" (Dodd, Mead), by R. Austin Freeman (there's good hunting here); "Murder in the House of Commons" (Houghton Mifflin), by Mary Agnes Hamilton; "Miss Pinkerton" (Farrar & Rinehart), by Mary Roberts Rinehart; "Peril at End House" (Dodd, Mead), by Agatha Christie; "The Tragedy of X" (Viking), by Barnaby Ross; and "The Greek Coffin Mystery" (Stokes), by Ellery Queen.

. William Edwin Rudge make the following announcement to subscribers to "The Private Papers of James Boswell": "After the first six volumes were published, and while volumes VII, VIII, and IX were in the press, additional manuscripts of James Boswell were discovered in an old croquet box at Malahide Castle. The owner communicated with Colonel Isham who immediately acquired these papers by pure chance. Of completely unpublished matter they included twenty-two letters by Boswell, Lord Kames, Lord Lonsdale, Richard Penn, etc., approximately one hundred and fifty pages of Journal, and Boswell's manuscript material for writing his proposed Life of Lord Kames. All the new material following in date later than the ninth volume will be included without extra expense to subscribers. This has meant a virtual doubling of the size of the volumes as originally planned. Even so, it now appears that there will not be space in volume XVIII to include the index. For this reason we announce an additional volume, No. XIX, which will go to subscribers without cost." According to the terms of the contract with subscribers, Colonel Isham was under no obligation to include any of the new material, but he decided that its importance was such that it should be a part of the edition.

NEW POEMS *Eighty Songs at 80*

...from the author of THE MAN WITH THE HOE ...



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EDWIN MARKHAM

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Points of View

The Waverley Novels

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In studying the Waverley Novels I find myself confronted with a problem which some of your readers may be able to solve. It is connected with the order in which the novels are written. "St. Ronan's Well," published in 1823, is counted as the eighteenth novel in the series, and it is accepted that in this book "the romancer has become the realist" and "has deliberately *rejected the romantic*" (*Buchan, p. 260-1*). After careful consideration and rereading, I suggest that it was composed before Scott became "a romancer" at all, and is in point of fact his first novel. I submit that there is internal evidence to support my case. Permit me to state some of my reasons for rejecting the orthodox opinion.

1. It is admittedly entirely unlike Scott's other novels.
2. In visiting Gilsland Spa, the scene of his courtship, one discovers that proper names appearing in the novel, such as Clattering Ford and Brig, Mowbray, Shaws, Bonnyrigg, etc., are also to be found in the vicinity of the Spa. The description of the rocky valley, the Buck-stane, the boulders, and the scenery fit in better with Gilsland than with Innerleithen, to which locality the story must afterwards have been transferred. Palgrave was of the opinion that Gilsland was St. Ronan's.
3. Many French expressions appear in this novel (*encognure, bal paré, diablerie, fille de chambre, frappant*—a word Scott uses of Charlotte in a letter written just before marriage—*chiffonerie, demi-jour,* etc.) which tend to indicate that Scott was interested in, and in contact with, someone who talked French.
4. A concern in things Indian is also displayed. Palankeens, dooleys, sheroots, nabobs, figure in the conversation. Now Charlotte's brother, John, was in the East India Company's service at Madras and at this time wrote regularly to his sister. His letters were read by Scott.
5. The heroine, Clara Mowbray, is dark, pale, and a skilled horsewoman. It will be remembered that the dark, pale Charlotte Charpentier was brought up in the *École de Manège* at Lyons, and that she rode and drove to perfection. Clara Mowbray is referred to as riding "as never woman rode before," as a daring equestrienne, as one who prefers a riding habit to all other clothes. May this not be an actual portrait of Charlotte Charpentier at Gilsland?
6. Great play is made with a marvellous Cashmere shawl (or "Tozie") costing £50: it is so fine that the ladies cannot believe it to be genuine. Its color is described as that "of a mouse's back, only a thought redder." A valuable Cashmere shawl was given by Lord Downshire to his ward as his only wedding present. Charlotte was very proud of it.
7. Can one doubt that immediate and personal experiences are described in the *tableaux vivants* at Shaw's Castle? We read of "a briefless barrister" playing in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" "well qualified for the part of Wall, since the composition of his skull might have rivalled in solidity the mortar and stone of the most approved builder." The *bal paré,* also, is assuredly described from what he had actually seen, for it was Scott's habit to adapt experience and not to invent more than he was obliged to. The freshness and vigor of the narrative preclude the idea that these scenes were written twenty-five years later from memory.
8. Finally, the secret marriage in Paris between Lord Etherington and the Comtesse de Martigny may well have been suggested to Scott's mind by the stories he had heard of Lord Downshire's adventures in France.

In 1823, Scott appears to have transferred the scene of the novel from Cumberland to Scotland and to have introduced the Scottish characters—Meg Dodds, McTurk, and Meiklewham, and, in deference to the scandal-fearing James Ballantyne, to have bowdlerised the plot.

In my recently published book, "The Laird of Abbotsford," I have shewn that "The Bridal of Triermain," published in 1813 and supposed to have been written concurrently with Rokeby, contains the story of Scott's courtship and was in great part written in 1797-8. It would seem that the major portion of "St. Ronan's Well" belongs to the same years. Lockhart apparently was in the secret (2nd edition, 1839, Vol. V, p. 207), but preferred to keep Sir Walter's counsel.

Ana Pope-Hennessy.
Hurworth-on-Tees, Eng.

MACMILLAN

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MACMILLAN

A Letter from France

By ABEL CHEVALLEY

In France, and to a lesser extent in England, Austria, Germany, the drama is still a province of literature and the stage one of the leading forms of literary expression. This is due, at least partly, to the ever recurring and ever successful revolt of the spirit against the flesh, bones, and trappings of theatrical production. Even Corneille, in his time, was a rebel. He began by routing the external pedantries and preciosities of his age. Racine began and well nigh ended as a mutineer who broke with eloquence and, thanks to the support of his young king, was allowed to explore those most secret recesses of the soul which modern Freudians have since rediscovered, and Voltaire, sprinkling his dullest tragedies with a sort of watered Shakespearianism, was also subversive.

The traditional anti-conformism of the French theatre is now as evident as ever. The theatres which the American tourist is wont to consider as typically "Parisian" are perhaps the least "French." They must be accessible to a cosmopolitan public—their success is at that price. They are made for that purpose. Let it be added that they often remain far behind their models from abroad in dramatic scenery, richness of costumes, variety of *décors,* science and art of external production, utilization of *éclairage* and machinery. The play itself, the dialogue, above all the acting, are, to my mind, much superior, from a literary point of view, to what you can find in London, Berlin, or Vienna.

However that may be, if you want to discover the real spirit of the age, the real trend of dramatic art in France you must look for it not in its official sanctuaries such as the Comédie Française, which all consecrate success rather than indicate tendencies; not in the big or small theatres where the world of wealth, fashion, cosmopolitan culture, congregates; but in the more individual, precarious, struggling efforts of those companies and producers who represent the eternal feeling of non-conformism and divine discontent. Such has been, since the war, Jacques Copeau's "Vieux Colombier" now continued intermittently by "La Compagnie des Quinze." "La Bataille de la Marne" by André Obey, recently produced by them, is the best instance I can remember of an epic drama founded on recent history.

At the old Théatre Montparnasse, Gaston Baty's Company have just brought out a remarkable play "Bifur," by Simon Gartillon, the author of "Maya." It is a story of "Beyond"; a drama "On the Edge," cleverly interwoven with realistic incidents, and divested thereby of its incipient morbidity. You know how mournfully childish these tales of reincarnation can become on the stage. "Bifur" is neither melodramatic nor macabre. It manages to be not only believable but convincing, and, buoyed up by its scenes of popular life, and the excellent acting of Marguerite Jamois (a truly great artist) it survives triumphantly a rather long drawn third act.

Louis Jouvet, of the *Comédie des Champs Elysées,* is another of those great actors, authors, or producers who have, since the war, continued on different lines the work of independent research and adventure accomplished before the conflict by men like Antoine.

You have probably heard of Marcel Achard, his dazzling wit and fantasy. Some of his plays "Marlborough," "Mistigri," were a pure delight although they owe more, perhaps, to their scenic qualities than is generally allowed. Jouvet is playing, of course, in Achard's "Domino" now running at the "Comédie des Champs Elysées." The theme of "Domino" is somewhat commonplace. It is the old story of a woman falling in love with the young fellow that she intended to use as a "screen" in order to conceal her true love for another man. But it is impossible to resist the pathetic and brilliant dryness of the dialogue.

Although he is a much greater author than actor Jean Sarment plays (as usual) in his new comedy: "*Le Plancher des Vaches*" (Théâtre Antoine). Madame Marguerite Valmont (remember that name), MM. Henri Crémieux, Marco, Marius, etc., are the leading members of an unrivaled company.

Poetic invention, mixed with irony, and underneath, a poignant apprehension of reality, such are the distinctive traits of Jean Sarment's comedies. In "Le Plancher des Vaches," three men wandering in the country to escape their wives and professions, discover a delightful inn managed by Blanche, a still more delightful woman. One of them, Georges, marries her, becomes an incompetent innkeeper, and unfaithful lover. Blanche turns him out. He returns later, married and repentant. But Blanche has attained prosperity and stifled in her heart the fantasy of life. Success, security belong to *le Plancher des Vaches,* i. e., the Cows' Floor; *terra firma.* It is a very low land, always befogged. . . .

That an appreciative public can be found, numerous enough to insure the success of such plays running at the same time in competition with dozens of others far more adapted to the tastes of the multitude, is in itself a sufficient proof that our theatre is in no immediate danger of becoming vulgar. A certain degree of culture, not bookish, and of mental alertness, not superficial, is of course necessary to appreciate these comedies (besides a good command of colloquial French). I can quite understand the impression of many intelligent visitors from America who find them wanting in what they call "social import," "general ideas," healthy action, and scenic accessories. I fully realize that their interest lies almost wholly in the dialogue. But this last point confirms my view, founded on what I know of the English, the American, and German theatre, that nowhere in the world is the contemporary drama more distinctly a thing of art, of *literary* art, than in France at the present moment.

After witnessing the performance of, say, one of Stève Passeur's plays, Shaw seems to me a juggler, an acrobat, O'Neill somewhat apocalyptic, and Noël Coward a very clever boy not yet grown up.

Stève Passeur's new play: "Les Tricheurs," is being performed at L'Atelier and L'Atelier, is, as you know, the true workshop of literary dramatic art in France. As to Stève Passeur I have watched him long enough to be able to say that he is much more than a great playwright, and has attained the full rank of dramatist.

His plays (published by Gallimard) are so intensely individual, forcible, even brutal in their directness, their internal economy so clear in spite of the complexity of the characters, that you do not miss much of their substance if you read them instead of seeing them acted. Let it be added that such acting, such producing as Dullin's at the Atelier, is hard to beat.

"Pas Encore" (1927) "L'Acheteuse" (1930) and "Les Tricheurs" (1932) are, to my mind the most representative of Stève Passeur's plays. "À quoi Pensetu?" (1928) and "Suzanne" (1929), should also be read.

The thundering swiftness of Passeur's plunges into his subject makes the first act of his plays something unforgettable. He does not develop his situations, his characters, but simply hammers at them, knocks them about with a phlegmatic violence, and they yield forth the inevitable that was, from the first, contained in them. He hates sentimentality, never minces matters, abhors insincerity. When the situation becomes alarmingly pathetic (as it often does) he checks himself, drops one or two swift, bitter half truths clothed in most forcible words, and then resumes his relentless attitude of analytic detachment. Scorching, burning ice is concealed under his dialogue. He proceeds by sudden explosions in a constantly refrigerated atmosphere. The wonder is that, given the characters, the situation, it all seems natural. The brutality of Passeur's method is not affected. He seems to live in a world of moral nudism. Passeur's theatre is "Sartor Resartus" *à rebours.* He does not concern himself with social problems. His problems are individual, immediate, they spring from the affective, not the intellectual, part of our being and though logically stated, amplified, remain unsolved, outside the world of logics.

One of the results of this method is that the motive tension diminishes instead of augmenting. There is more serenity at the end than at the beginning. It is a grown-up's theatre. Most of Passeur's heroines are about forty, some older still. They are much more distinct than the men. Most of his heroes are unstable, weak-kneed, a prey to their nerves. All struggle hard against their emotions. There is a sort of personal resentment against sentimentalism and self-deceit in Passeur's theatre.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Biography

WASHINGTON PRE-EMINENT. By *Alice Hunt Bartlett*. Brentanos. $4.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER. By *Margaret Yeo*. Macmillan. $2.25.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE. By *Clara Marburg*. Yale University Press. $2.

GOETHE. Edited by *Dagobert D. Runes*. Roerich Museum Press. $1.50.

THE STRANGE CAREER OF BISHOP STERLING. By *Stephen Endicott*. New York: Meteor. $2.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF GUY DE MAUPASSANT. Sears. $2.50.

FRAGMENTS FROM AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY DIARY: The Travels and Adventures of Don Francisco de Miranda. Compiled and translated by *Jordan Herbert Stabler*. Caracas: Le Nación.

THE AUTHOR OF SANDFORD AND MERTON. By *George Gignil Liat, Jr.* Columbia University Press. $3.25.

Education

ENGLISH OF COMMERCE. By *John B. Opdycke*. Scribners. $2.

A HISTORY OF THE COUNCILS OF BALTIMORE. By *Peter Guilday*. Macmillan. $3.

THE DICTIONARY COMPANION. By *C. O. Sylvester Mawson*. Doubleday, Doran. $3.

PRACTICAL SPANISH GRAMMAR FOR BEGINNERS. By *M. E. Manfred*. Scribners. $1.60.

SPANISH FOR FIRST YEAR. By *M. E. Manfred*. Scribners. $1.48.

FIRST YEAR ALGEBRA. By *David A. Rothrock* and *Martha Anne Whitacre*. Scribners. $1.20.

VENTURES IN CONTEMPORARY READING. Selected by *Lewis Worthington Smith, Vincent Holland Ogburn*, and *Harold Francis Watson*. Longmans, Green. $1.

PARENT EDUCATION. Century. $2.50.

AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES. Edited by *John Henry MacCracken*. Williams and Wilkins. $4.

BASAL SOCIAL SCIENCE. By *David Snedden* and *Geneva Snedden*. Scribners. $1.40.

SPANISH FOR SECOND YEAR. By *Clarence E. Parmenter, William Hansler, Cincinato G. B. Laguardia*, and *M. E. Manfred*. Scribners. $1.40.

THE BEHAVIOR OF YOUNG CHILDREN. By *Ethel B. Waring* and *Marguerite Wilker*. Scribners. $1.25.

THE ESSENTIALS OF ENGLISH COMPOSITION. By *James W. Linn*. Scribners.

SELECTIONS FROM GOETHE'S PROSE. By *Adolf Busse*. Oxford University Press. $1.25.

GOETHE'S GEDICHTE UND SPRÜCHE IN PROSA. Edited by *Friedrich Bruns*. Oxford University Press. $1.25.

TODAY'S BOY AND TODAY'S PROBLEMS. By *Jerold O'Neil*. Sears. $2.

Fiction

RENO FEVER. By DOROTHY WALWORTH CARMAN. Long & Smith. 1932. $2.

Sometime there will be a novel written about the Reno divorce colony which will see it from all sides with understanding and with tolerance. It will be written preferably by some one who has been part of it and who has managed to preserve a sane and humorous view of its emotional extravagances, and who has waited long enough to see the experience in perspective.

There is, we are sure, a great deal of truth in Mrs. Carman's novel. At times it is so photographic that it is like a news story, sent off hot from the scene. (We are tempted to say a *Daily News* story.) This impression is intensified by the fact that all the characters, except the narrator, are familiar Reno-faction types, living recklessly and apparently rather joylessly, during a six week's "King's-Ex." Elizabeth, whose story it is, is the least convincing person in the book, though she is the one we found ourself liking, because in her we could detect some attempt to preserve an intellectual and emotional integrity. Elizabeth is too close to herself, or rather Mrs. Carman is too close to Elizabeth, to have achieved any kind of unity as a character, and so Elizabeth suffers. She is a young woman who has been married, happily, for a few years; less happily for a few more. There was a year when "she had pretended to herself that Richard loved her as he had when they were married." At the end of it Richard has asked for his freedom. "Reno Fever" tells what happened to Elizabeth from the time she crossed the tangled Grand Central station, looking all the time for Richard, who might miraculously rush up saying "My darling, it was all a mistake," to the time when she boards the east bound train at Reno, whispering to herself, "I'll act as though somebody cared."

Our quarrel with the novel is that we don't know what really happened to Elizabeth, except that being a personable young woman in Reno she might have had a few casual love affairs, and didn't, that she might have taken to drink or drugs or dice, and didn't, but Mrs. Carman, having the storyteller's knack, gives you all these activities in her other characters.

"Reno Fever" is a readable yarn. It will probably sell very well. We wish that the author of "God of His Fathers" would wait for five or ten years and write the story of a sensitive and intelligent woman who goes to Reno, or anywhere else, to be "put asunder."

THE SENATOR'S LADY. By MATHILDE EIKER. Doubleday, Doran. 1932.

This is the tale of an unselfish and lasting love which stands out luminously against a background of domestic malice and social ambitions. So convincing has Miss Eiker made her premise that the reader really believes it. And thus she hurdles the only difficulty that might keep "The Senator's Lady" from being a finely credible and bitterly ironic piece of realism.

Horace Prescott has married some nineteen years before the story opens, into the Beattie family. It is a distinguished family with perhaps a little more than its share of pathological undercurrents, well-concealed. Horace's wife is an attractive, domineering, selfish woman, but until her daughter's elopement with a Jewish medical student, she has never showed the granite in her nature. Her treatment of Cicely brings about an estrangement from Horace, in effect merely an acknowledgment of a far deeper spiritual estrangement. It is at this point that Leona Prescott's brother, Carroll, marries Marylily whose first husband has divorced her on his account, and introduces her into the Beattie circle, already seething with hatred and intrigue.

Carroll has done what he considers his duty in making an honest woman of Marylily. (A Beattie owed that to his public.) But there isn't much in the marriage for the lady who had loved him—until she saw through him. From their first meeting Horace and Marylily are destined to love each other, which they do through tense and surprising drama to a tranquil and mildly surprising end.

Taken as a story alone "The Senator's Lady" is admirably constructed and of absorbing interest. It is, however, more than good story-telling. It is a bitter arraignment of small-mindedness and hypocrisy; a series of portraits conveyed with trenchant wit and an unfailing clarity of vision. This is particularly true of the first part of the book, the Beattie Thanksgiving dinner, and the official wedding night of Marylily and Carroll; Caroll and his bridge games; the interrelations of the Beattie women. The meticulous realism of the background helps make credible the astonishing climax, which might otherwise be sheer melodrama.

THE INTERCESSOR and Other Stories. By MAY SINCLAIR. Macmillan. 1932. $1.50.

The title story in this volume dealing with the supernatural is one of the best that May Sinclair has ever written in this particular field. While it is, literally, a ghost story, its effectiveness does not depend upon the abracadabra of mere haunting. The horror that presses in upon the reader springs from a more authentic source than supernatural occurrence. It has its sinister origin in the same dark soil that nourished Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw," the inescapable touchstone for all such tales. In both it is a too-old evil, a too-young knowing, that close in upon the narrow vistas of childhood, shutting out all but waste and ugliness.

Unfortunately, the other stories in the volume fail not only of this high standard but also of Miss Sinclair's usual level of accomplishment. Two of them, told by a very typical Mahatma, might have been written by any fairly efficient raconteur, and show a shallowness of philosophical implication surprising in the author of so excellent a philosophical work as "The Defense of Idealism." Of the remaining two, the one called "Heaven" is definitely dull and unimaginative, and the other, "The Villa Désirée," leans too heavily for its effect on the idea of abstract lust.

THAT GIRL. By JACQUES DEVAL. Translated by LAWRENCE S. MORRIS. Viking. 1932. $2.

This is a book in which the parts are so good that one feels the whole should be better. It falls into two portions, the principal one of which is the story of "Chérie," an unmoral, wholly animal French girl, who in the course of plying her ancient trade is kidnapped by a sea captain whom she has pleased too well and abandoned by him in South America. She makes her way to Panama, and there settles down with passionate devotion to earning her fare back to France, for homesickness is the one deep emotion of her life. The other portion of the book is made of the game of espionage constantly played in the Canal Zone by half a dozen nations who might some day find it desirable to disable the Canal. The two halves are not very well connected; in the end Chérie is drawn into the web of international intrigue, but during most of the book the threads merely run side by side. And after Chérie has entered the service of a Japanese spy, her tragedy is only accidental; it is a result, but not by any means a necessary result, of her new work.

The author's difficulty seems to be that he began with the story of Chérie, and found that she was really too bovine to sustain the interest of a novel, and so had to add numerous discursions. Many of them are excellent in themselves; the ironic but pitying narrative of the ill-fated Lesseps canal is one of the best things in the book, of which it occupies nearly a chapter, and has nothing to do with the story; but the total effect is rather distracting and unsatisfactory. One is usually sorry to have to return to Chérie, whose story one is nominally reading. M. Deval can certainly write, but his present book is a little disappointing.

(*Continued on page* 689)

Second Printing Nearly Exhausted!

THREE LOVES

BY A. J. CRONIN

Opinions of English Critics:

"It proves that 'Hatter's Castle' was not a lucky accident and that Dr. Cronin is a real creative novelist."—*J. B. Priestley in London Evening Standard.*

"In his second novel . . . Dr. A. J. Cronin has decidedly fulfilled the promise of 'Hatter's Castle'."—*London Times Literary Supplement.*

"Let the sceptics be satisfied . . . 'Hatter's Castle' was no flash, or explosion, in the pan."—*J. C. Squire in London Daily Telegraph.*

"A great advance on 'Hatter's Castle' . . . Lucy is a creation of tragic grandeur."—*L. P. Hartley in Week-End Review, London.*

Some Early American Reviews:

" 'Three Loves' is a novel 'of parts', as our elders might have said. And A. J. Cronin has again demonstrated that he has something to contribute to English fiction."—*New York Times.*

"Cronin is a novelist of extraordinary gifts, the vivid and pictorial quality of his narration is exceptional."—*Christopher Morley in Book-of-the-Month Club News.*

"Another memorable book . . . a most unusually good book."—*Basil Davenport in Saturday Review of Literature.*

"Conceived and executed on a grand scale . . . The woman Lucy is unforgettable."—*Laurence Stallings in New York Sun.*

559 pages. $2.50

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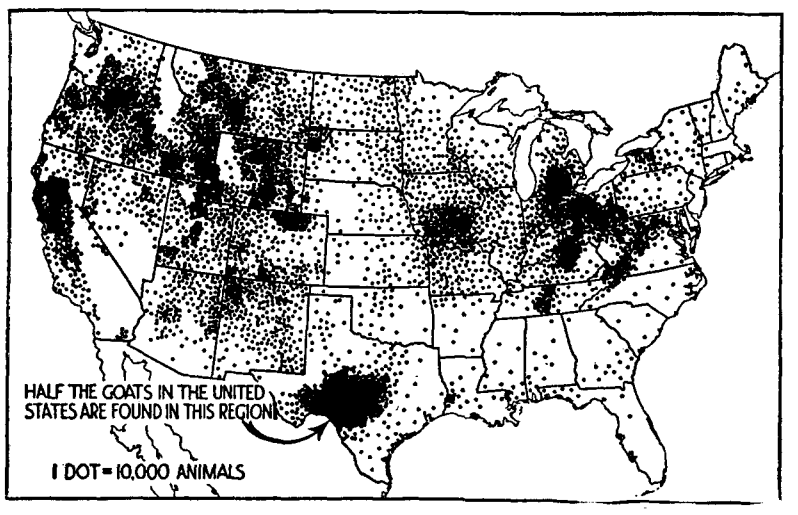

SHEEP AND GOATS IN THE UNITED STATE

Sheep & Goats: *A Reverie by Hircus Quercus*

This is not a Mercator's Projection of S. R. subscribers, but a map of *Sheep and Goats in the United States,* which I found in *Living Geography, Book II,* an excellent schoolbook published by Macmillan.

I don't quite know (mused poor old unaccountable Quercus) just why my fancy is so tickled by this ovine-hircine chart. Is it the rhyme Hircus-Quercus? (Am *I* the Goat?) Is it the apparent concentration of capricorns in the regions of the Texas oil-wells, the Ford factory, the savannahs of Hollywood? It seems surprising to find no goats marked near Nethermost Manhattan.

A map of our own subscribers (soliloquized the old Penseur) would be much more evenly sprinkled with minuscule confettoes, each representing an S. R. (Satisfied Reader.) One of the fiscal mermaids made up a poem:

With little specks
Of either sex
Our Distribution Map is breeding
The better sort
Who still support
S. R., viz. Satisfying Reading
These cheerful motes
Aren't sheep or goats
But literary nervous tissue.
*The abonnés**
Who count the days
Until the magazine's next issue.

* $3.50 per annum.

I saw an advertisement in *Fortune* (Old Quercus resumed) which said that the Over-$5,000-a-Year Families are the real roquefort because they "replace their radios 50% faster; use 80% more Grade A coffee; and 30% more antiseptics and mouth washes." That's all very well, but Grade A Ideas are even more important than coffee and mouth wash. S. R. Families, whatever their income, use 30% more mind washes; they occasionally replace Old Ideas with new notions; they even replace books.

The Book Business, like others, has had to take stock of itself. The boom swung round (as booms have a way of doing) and smote the helmsman on the skull. His ears rang, eyes watered, he accidentally bit his tongue. Still he hangs onto the tiller. For books are not a luxury trade. Only by intelligent thought, and the communication of same, will the nations get themselves out of their present pickle. A lot of Old Ideas are going to be replaced.

Books are units of communication. They can stave in the tight little keg of the mind with Deplorable Facts, and with fiery imaginations. There are some books that sheep and goats can do without but which many of us need—perhaps a biological parable like *Kamongo,* or an economic soothsaying like Sir Arthur Salter's *Recovery,* or an unexpected novel like *I, James Lewis,* rocketing up in a curve of color, retelling with geist and glamor the imperial dream of old Johnjake Astor in the days when beaver was not just slang for whiskers. . . . Or these new extraordinary yarns of Rudyard Kipling's (*Limits and Renewals*)—yes, the old pukka Kipling!

But what was I getting at? (Old noctambulant Hircus-Quercus girt himself together.) In these times there is no royal road to Recovery. I can't afford circulars, advertising, promotioneering and the Stuffing of Envelopes. I want to speckle that map with a few more punctuations of literature, in the blank spaces where there aren't just sheep and goats. A few more introverts who believe a magazine like this has its function and destiny. It can only be done by Word-of-Thought. If, for instance—

P. E. G. HIRCUS-QUERCUS, ESQ.
SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE,
25 West 45 Street, New York City.

Dear Sir:—Your fantastic prolegomena to a Larger Circulation instigate me strongly. Business is terrible, and I and my friends have more time for reading than ever before. On a separate sheet of paper I send you the names—addresses of several who once indoctrinated with your endocrine, may well succumb. Send them a specimen copy, and cry *Tally-ho! Up Tails All!*

Incidentally, I may as well renew my own subscription. No one can (or wants to) keep up with the whole output of books. But the S. R. is my willow-twig, my dowsing rod. With it in hand I learn where there is water, or even gold, beneath the barren surface of life.

Yours, old epistoleer,

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

JONATHAN NORTON LEONARD'S *The Tragedy of Henry Ford"* may not be entirely olympian in detachment; only an expert could pronounce on its fairness. But it is grand reading. The chapter describing the voyage of the Peace Ship, which begins with the very just sentiment, "Hoboken has always been a crazy town," should not be missed by any student of mortal antics. Those who begin this book are unlikely to lay it down unfinished.

In the field of detective stories, perhaps more than elsewhere, an inside tip is occasionally useful. For in no other department are so many false alarms started, second-rate goods touted, and general shenanigan spread about to mislead the customer. Let it be remarked, then, that *The Code-Letter Mystery,* by David Sharp (Houghton Mifflin), is one of the better sort and can be read with pleasure by connoisseurs.

The Supernatural Omnibus (over 700 pp. for $2.50) is good creeps for those who like to goose the flesh now and then. Not inferior to anything in the collection is the admirable introduction by Montague Summers, a brief history of ghost-stories. Mr. Summers believes in apparitions and says he has seen one. He advises the reader at least to imitate Mme. du Deffaud who, when asked "Do you believe in ghosts?" replied: "No, but I am afraid of them." Mr. Summers's preface is written with fine grisling gusto and unusual vigor of language. A deep green and lurid thrill emanates from this fine fat book. Mr. Summers rates E. F. Benson, Algernon Blackwood, M. R. James, and "Vernon Lee" as the most notable living writers of the ghost story; he laments that "Vernon Lee" (Violet Page) has written no more in this vein since 1890.

Speaking of death, corruption, and the charnel, we read in a wealthy magazine an advertisement of a very high-toned coffin-maker. He divides his wares, which he calls vaults, into three classes. "Each *Standard* vault," he says, "is guaranteed to fulfill its immaculate guardianship for *50 years. Special* vaults are guaranteed for *150 years.* Our *De Luxe* vaults of extra-heavy solid copper are guaranteed *forever.*"

What we keep uneasily wondering is, how are you going to check up on this?

In 1932 A.D. (Anno Depressionis) one of the Trade features is such curious bookshops as you find, for instance, on Sixth Avenue between 47th and 48th. Evidently located there to catch the eye of the unemployed who wait about the job-agencies, these curious bouquinistes enliven Apollo with many palliatives, such as Seminole Indian beads, hair tonics, nostrums for male debility, photographs of "Medical Horrors," Art Poses, French prints, Haldeman-Julius pamphlets, old copies of *Puck, Judge,* and the *American Mercury,* and the Personal Date Indicator. There are a lot of books, too, very cheap; but we have always been interested to see how, if you tip the book business just a little bit sideways, it slides right into pornocracy.

In catalogue 91 of the Scribner Rare Book Department old doddering Quercus is specially pleased to find Cutcliffe Hyne's *The Adventures of Captain Kettle* (London, 1898) listed as a Collector's Item, at $15. Bravo indeed, and waes hael to Mr. John Carter, editor of Scribners' catalogues, for his loyalty to our much admired Captain Kettle. He has had the good gumption to enliven his list of rarities with unstereotyped items. He tells me that M. R. James's *Ghost Stories of an Antiquary* (1904) sold immediately for $17.50. I observe that F. Anstey's famous *Vice Versa* is fifty years old this year (published 1882). Scribner offers it for $45.

Speaking of modern Firsts—how extraordinarily reasonable they are just now, incidentally, and how much less their values have declined than any other forms of Security—my favorite copy of Max Beerbohm's *Works* (1896) is the one now at Dr. Rosenbach's famous treasure-house on 51st Street. It belonged formerly to Mr. George Keating, who sent it to Max (in a luxurious leather slip-case) to request a signature. Max wrote in it:

Golden, the nutshell of this wither'd nut;
Superb, the palace built around this hut;
Royal, the robe enveloping this slut;
And I am greatly complimented, but—
O, Mr. Keating, tut-tut-tut-tut-tut!

There is one contemporary First I wish John Carter, or any other expert, would locate for me, viz., UMPITY-DUMPITY, by "MALIM SAHIB," bound in paper and published about 1902 or 1903 by Wheeler & Co. of Bombay. This was a collection of nursery rhymes adapted into Hindustani for Anglo-Indian children. It was the first book of our old friend (now Captain) David W. Bone.

The most explicit title in this season's crop seems to be 20 *Best Short Stories in Ray Long's* 20 *Years as an Editor.* It irresistibly suggests the slogan 20 *Long Rays for Ray Long.*

Part of the ingenuity of the editors of this *Review* consists in not warning their readers when they print something exceptionally good. They tuck it modestly in and say nothing about it. I hope you didn't miss Austin Strong's article (April 16 issue) about R. L. S. and Father Damien —a vivid little item to be preserved by all Stevensonians.

Walking on an uptown street on a day of pouring rain I noticed a scrap of sodden paper lying on the wet pavement. It had some typing on it; everlastingly inquisitive, I picked it up. It seemed so symbolic of the time that (excluding names) I reproduce it:

It is three w
and you have had amp
checks you gave me, but have no
If I don't re
of April I will immediately go
a warrant out for your arrest.
This is final as I am getting

But here is the sequel. Several hours later, the same day, still raining, I again passed along that block. I saw another scrap of wet paper, which looked familiar. I picked this one up also. It was very soggy, but I dried it out and found it fitted the first one:

eeks now since you are working for
le time to repay me for the two phony
t done so.
ceive the amount you owe me by the
to the district attorney's office and
tired of your nonsense.

This may seem to you very picayune, but it gave the melancholy old Ransker all the pleasures of a detective story. I wonder if he's been arrested?

Herman Melville's own copy of Owen Chase's narrative of the shipwreck of the whale ship *Essex* was recently offered for sale at the American Art Association Anderson. At the end of the book are seven pages in Melville's autograph, in which he— in his own words—supplies his recollection of the conclusion of the narrative, and adds further information on the subsequent careers of the principals. At the end he writes: "All the sufferings of these miserable men of the *Essex* might, in all human probability, have been avoided had they, immediately after leaving the wreck, steered straight for Tahiti, from which they were not very distant at the time and to which there was a fair trade wind. But they dreaded cannibals and strange to tell knew not that for more than 20 years the English missions had been resident in Tahiti, and that in the same year of the shipwreck—1820—it was entirely safe for the ships to touch at Tahiti. But they chose to stem a head wind and make a passage of some thousand miles (an unavoidably roundabout one, too) in order to gain a civilized harbor on the coast of South America. . . ."

In the preliminary manuscript notes Melville tells of his own acquaintance with Owen Chase's son, "I questioned him concerning his father's adventure; and when I left his ship to return again the next morning (for the two vessels were to sail in company for a few days) he went to his chest and handed me a complete copy (same edition as this one) of the Narrative."

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

"ISN'T it about time," says M. G. H., Pennsylvania, "to publish another advance list of new novels you enjoy? I have read all the last lot." Here's one I enjoyed most of all: "The Fortnight in September," by R. C. Sherriff (Stokes), whom you may remember less as novelist than as author of "Journey's End." Nothing since Dickens has come closer to giving between covers the intrinsic spirit of England. For the two weeks holiday toward which the British year turns like the sunflower to the sun, the heavenly holiday always at the seaside and generally at the same place, the enchanted fortnight when anything may happen—this is the very heart of England. Some moments in it, like those when the family, passing their own house in the train outward bound, look down on its tranced and breathless difference, might happen anywhere, but only in the south of England can humanity so throb at the year's first glimpse of the sea.

Then there is the ebullient "Magnolia Street" of Louis Golding (Farrar & Rinehart), and Helen Hull's engrossing account of a big family in a small place, "Heat Lightning" (Coward-McCann), the book for which her steadily growing audience has been waiting. Returning for the moment to London, there is another study of large issues in a small street, "Morgan's Yard," by Richard Pryce (Houghton Mifflin), and "The Old People" (Dutton), in which J. D. Beresford begins another trilogy, the form with which he made his first and greatest success in "Jacob Stahl." Also Vicki Baum's "And Life Goes On" (Doubleday, Doran) convinces me that she did not put all she knew about life into "Grand Hotel." To go on into the future, as I did last time, I await with especial interest Louis Bromfield's "A Modern Hero" (Stokes), due toward the end of the month, Claire Spencer's "The Quick and the Dead," and the new Ellery Queen detective story whenever it comes from Stokes, and Radcliffe Hall's "Master of the House," because I gather from English reviews that it may be in the manner of "Adam's Breed," a novel for which I have the highest respect. Also I have been taking such solid comfort in Van Wyck Brooks's "Life of Emerson" (Dutton) that on the list it goes, and should anyone object that it is not a novel, remember the small boy who, when asked what was his favorite pudding, replied that he liked only three kinds: mince pie, squash pie, and gum.

I Might have known that the new Pickwick-in-parts, about whose fascination I lately freed my mind, would be on sale in this country by Charles Sessler's bookshop in Philadelphia; no doubt others have it, but this one was sure to. This is the sort of thing it does. When I lecture in Philadelphia, this establishment stocks the books of which I speak, for the convenience of the audience. I was lately announced to discuss not books but plays of the current London season; on arrival I found waiting a stack of copies of Noel Coward's "Cavalcade," which I did not know was yet in bookform anywhere. Inferring that any such discussion would have to include this play, they had cabled, quite on their own initiative, for a supply. That, I submit, is a bookshop that knows how and takes pains.

C. R. S. (Charter subscriber; no address): "Can you refer me to books which would help me to understand the Einstein theories as they relate to time—I mean the ideas with which Balderston and Barry flirt in 'Berkeley Square' and 'Hotel Universe'? Is there available in words of one syllable something more than a flirtation with the subject?" The simplest explanation that I know is found in B. L. Clarke's "The Romance of Reality" (Macmillan). This is not in monosyllables, but it is clear enough to get itself unexpectedly included by a high school girl in a list she gave me of her favorite books." "It makes you see how things are," said she. At least while you are reading it you understand it. But it seems to me that Barry and Balderston—like Blackwood before them and to some extent like Virginia Woolf in her own field—envisage time less from the scientific viewpoint than from that of the mystic. One of the best little collections of recent verse, "Best Poems of 1927," edited by L. A. G. Strong (Dodd, Mead), includes a poem by A. E., "How?" that puts this into words:

> *. . . it may be true*
> *That ancient imagination of the seers*
> *Of a profundity where all that was,*
> *Or ever shall be, glows and breathes*
> *In an eternal present. . . .*

HERE are two replies for D. A. B., Mississippi: "Six years ago," says E. C. S., Tucson, Arizona, "when East, I went to the Oxford University Press in New York at 35 West 32nd Street (now 114 Fifth Avenue, by the way) to hunt up a Bible for an invalid friend. I have a distinct impression of seeing some of those small, red, old-fashioned Bibles in a secluded corner on their shelves—they have the most wonderfully beautiful Bibles to be found anywhere. D. H. B.'s letter was dear; thank you for printing it." *N. W. G., Demarest, N. J.*, says: "I send source of two Bibles in daily use in our family; one a 48mo minion, New Testament, 5 East 48th Street, N. Y., a most lovesome little book to carry or keep constantly at hand; the other is minion 16mo Clarendon Text, morocco, complete Old and New Testament." As for me, I pity people who have never chosen a Bible at the Oxford University Press; it's a special experience. *A. J. C., Wilmington, Del.*, says: "Would not *W. W. R., Pennsylvania*, care to know of 'The Perfect Ship,' by Weston Martyr?" *An advisor who signs himself "Red Top Pale"* does his best to fill the hiatus in beer-brewing literature, lately indicated in these columns, by the following: "American Handy Book of Brewing," R. Wahl and M. Herrius (Chicago, 1908); "Beer Bottler's Handy Book," P. Dreesbach (Chicago, 1906); "Origin and History of Beer and Brewing," Arnold (Chicago, 1911), "and," says he, "many others." These are all waved in the general direction of the Vermont correspondent who wanted them. *B. B. B., Hueneme, Cal.*, needs a book on the origin of popular superstitions such as spilling salt or the unpopularity of thirteen; one on the origin and history of phrases such as "a feather in one's cap" or "to set the Thames on fire"; one on the origin and meanings of nursery rhymes such as those in Mother Goose. "Signs, Omens, and Superstitions," by Astro Cielo (Sully), is a small, popular handbook. The recent survey, by Edgar James Swift, of "The Jungle of the Mind" (Scribners), sets forth the survival, at the present time and under finer names, of some of the darkest age-old superstitions of humanity. "Origins and Meanings of Popular Phrases and Names," by B. Hargrave (Lippincott, revised edition), is a work popular in libraries. I don't know of a book devoted to the traditional background of the rhymes; "Mother Goose's Melodies," edited by W. A. Wheeler (Houghton Mifflin), has the history of the Goose family and other data, and I seem to remember notes on origins in the Boyd-Smith Mother Goose, now out of print. Perhaps someone will tell me, and tell me also other books for this correspondent's needs.

P. A. F., Coshocton, O., asks for books to review in connection with the program of a club whose subject for the year is Africa. When a question likes this comes in, one realizes how many books have lately appeared on this continent. The following could be added to a library from lists going but a short time back. For general works, R. A. Monson's "Across Africa on Foot" (Dodd, Mead), or, approaching it after another method, M. Mott-Smith's "Africa from Port to Port" (Van Nostrand); B. Willis's "Living Africa" (McGraw) and "Men of the Trees," by R. St. B. Baker (Dial), introducing a curious development in forestry. For Central Africa there is "Africa Speaks," by P. L. Hoefler (Winston), and Carveth Wells's "In Coldest Africa" (McBride): for East Africa, Carl and Mary Akeley's "Adventures in the African Jungle" (Dodd, Mead), which is quite as good for young people, and J. S. Huxley's "Africa View" (Harper). For the West coast we have not only "Trader Horn" and the engaging experiments in diet recorded by Mr. Seabrook in "Jungle Ways" (Harcourt, Brace), but also the vivacious "Gao of the Ivory Coast" (Coward-McCann), Katie Seabrook's story of a native boy picked up by an exploring party. There is a new "History of South Africa," by J. H. Hofmeyr (Scribner), and a study of race problems there, "Caliban in Africa," by L. Barnes (Lippincott). Sara Millin's novel, "God's Step Children" (Liveright) deals with this also. I hope this group gets the delightful "Little Black Stories" of Blaise Cendrars (Brewer, Warren & Putnam) with their distinctive illustrations; this makes a fine picture-book for quite small children, but it has also an appeal to anyone enjoying the Uncle Remus type of animal story. Speaking of pictures, no matter how good a book about Africa may be, I give warning if it has a dead gorilla in the illustrations. I won't read it. I have stood all the dead gorillas I'm going to.

I NEVER saw a book like that of Cleon Throckmorton, lately brought out by his establishment at 102 West Third Street, N. Y.; it is a "Catalogue of the Theatre: Scenery, Lighting, Hardware, Painting, Costume, and Make-up"—in other words, just pure enchantment to people who don't know what life is like behind the scenes. For it lists with pictures and prices all the interchangeable scenery, the doors and the platforms, the flats and cycloramas and woodwings, the endless and mysterious hardware, the tormentors and gelatine color mediums producing those melting lights, and all the rest of the paraphernalia now for the first time, so far as I know, made accessible as readily to little theatres as to large commercial enterprises. It makes grand reading matter; it reminds me of something Miss Wycherley told me about the first performance of Pirandello's "Six Characters." The cast had prepared, it thought, for every possible reaction of audience to text; it knew where all the laughs should come. But when the curtain rose upon an empty stage, they were so unprepared for a sudden intake of delighted breath and an outburst of spontaneous applause that it nearly threw them off their lines. What could there be to applaud, they thought, save perhaps an impromptu stroll of the theatre cat? It was a stage, just like any other stage between performances, scenery turned to the wall, one unshaded pilot-light glaring across a dusty waste. Bless their hearts, they could not know that the audience was getting an unexpected glimpse of Paradise, the glamorous region back-stage. There is magic, if you like—and that is the magic even an outsider gets out of Mr. Throckmorton's illustrated catalogue. It is also in effect a manual of technical equipment of the modern theatre.

E. P., New York, is reading all she can about ancient Egypt, and asks for recent publications to add to a collection starting with Baikie's "History of Egypt" and Flinders Petrie's "Seventy Years in Archæology." "Art of Egypt Through the Ages," edited by E. D. Ross, is a large, comprehensive, magnificent volume issued by the press of William Edwin Rudge; "Egyptian Sculpture," by Margaret A. Murray (Scribner), an authoritative work by an Egyptologist who can make anything she writes curiously stimulating. "Most Ancient Egypt," by V. G. Childe (Knopf), gives a complete and well-illustrated report of the highly important discoveries in later years concerning its prehistoric civilization. There is another of the unusual volumes of reconstructed portraits by Winifred Brunton, "Great Ones of Ancient Egypt" (Scribner), to match her "Kings and Queens of Ancient Egypt" (Scribner); both are collections of paintings (reproduced in color) of great Egyptians as they seem to an artist who has gathered and collated with the utmost care all their known portraits. They are strangely moving, these royalties caught off-guard in the act of living, not armored in hieratic poses; I keep "Kings and Queens" where I can look it over every so often. The articles are by various celebrated Egyptologists.

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page 687*)

HOUSE WITH THE MAGNOLIAS. By RALPH ARNOLD. Dial. 1931. $2.50.

It would be useless to tell much of the story of this novel of very young love in England, for the characters would remind one of Romeo and Juliet and all the star-crossed lovers who have followed after. But in reading "House with the Magnolias," one is conscious only of the particular boy and girl in straits, not of their generic forebears. The novel is a slight one, with few characters and little action, and gains its substance from the intensity of these characters in their young reactions to a life that seems to them needlessly static. Some of the tenseness and the impossibility of compromise that slacks with years sharpens the outlines of the story. However overwrought and subjective the young couple, they make more temperate points of view seem dull and full of age. Mr. Arnold very nicely links the modern, externally realistic mood of the day with that romantic, secret core which one suspects belongs to youth of any time whatever its impertinent vernacular may be.

Miscellaneous

ENDURING PASSION. By MARIE STOPES. Putnam. 1932. $2.

This second book of Mrs. Marie Stopes is a sensible, frank, and thoroughgoing discussion of love relationships in marriage with special reference to middle-aged and more than middlle-aged people although the book by no means confines itself to these limits. The author somewhat lacks a sense of humor but that is not important in a book of this kind. What is much more important is that she is not priggish, not sentimental, and that in her discussion of sex relationships she relies upon and quotes authority, and when she goes beyond science says so. It is a valuable book and it is a good sign of the times that sensible books of this kind can be published and circulated without the charge of appealing to lascivious readers.

Science

THE LIFE OF THE BUTTERFLY. By FRIEDRICH SCHNACK. Translated by WINIFRED KATZIN. Houghton Mifflin. 1932. $2.50.

This book is obviously a labor of love for the creatures which form its subject. There is not a page on which the author does not show the "joy their hovering presences have always been to me, and are." In some forty-five sections there are described in highly picturesque language and with poetic fervor as many species of butterflies and moths together with observations on their habits and life histories. The author's knowledge of the subject seems to be extensive and his enthusiasm great.

In the dedication, which is to the butterflies themselves, we are told that every statement of observation recorded is scientifically reliable, but we are advised that in as much as the question has often been: "how does this or that one live in me?" there is a good deal of fancy in the book which is quite beyond the field of science.

Enthusiastic readers of the work will probably be rather the poetically-minded than the scientifically-minded.

RUDYARD KIPLING

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A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS

An Aid to Appreciation

LISTENING TO MUSIC. By Douglas Moore. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1932. $3.

THE appreciation of music is in a rather strange situation. Due to the extraordinary broadening of general cultural education in the last quarter century the average educated man enjoys a relatively large comprehension of music. He goes to symphony concerts, operas, and recitals with such regularity that he knows the great composers and their most important works by name, or he may even be familiar with the dominant characteristics of each, and perhaps be possessed of a rather vague knowledge of musical form, a doubtful conception of the patterns and styles which the composers use. Recently this last help to appreciation has been increased and shaped by a series of aids to the appreciation of music. These include the lecture concerts of Schelling and Damrosch, collected program notes such as those of Olin Downes, the phonograph histories and commentative pamphlets included in most record albums, the increasingly large group of highly intellectual studies by men like Sir Hubert Parry, the newer sort of appreciation text books for school and college classes, and others innumerable. All of them may be classed more or less together; they tread principally upon the broad steps of the esthetic and poetical side of music and descend no farther from these speculative heights than to a necessary but superficial discussion of the practicalities of musical form and construction, stopping only to break the musical ration into morsels convenient to the esthetic digestion.

But, commendable as much of this is when considered from the musician's or from the literary point of view, educationally this movement is unsound, because it is working backward from the end to the beginning, from the cultural and esthetic appreciation of the greatest music back towards the fundamentals of musical grammar and spelling. Such a procedure is illogical in the extreme. We do not, in literature, teach an appreciation of the great authors before beginning the elements of writing. We are taught logically, step by step, beginning with the letters of the alphabet. The notes of the scale, in most of the above methods, are a last consideration. In sixteenth and seventeenth century England music actually was taught as literature is now. Every person who pretended to social rank was able to join in the singing of a complicated madrigal—not easy for trained singers today—or failing this, could play some sort of an instrument, usually the harpsichord. Children were taught to read notes and words with equal facility. This should be, at least, the ideal in music teaching today, and those who attempt to remedy the situation should do as much as possible to build our musical knowledge in the right direction.

Douglas Moore, in his new book, "Listening to Music," breaks definitely away from the "appreciation" school and makes a gallant and distinctly original attempt to fill in the huge gaps and irregularities in the musical knowledge of the interested laymen. Mr. Moore is expert in his ability to meet the reader strictly on his own level and to present his material with a shrewd eye for every possible bit of knowledge he suspects the reader of already having, and—what is more important—for his total and complete ignorance of certain embarassingly elemental matters which the esthetes scornfully ignore as beneath their dignity. "Listening to Music" is democratic and from the beginning is radically new in method. Moore believes in the ultra-modern theory that self-demonstration, not mere passive absorption, is the most effective way to learn, and accordingly he escorts one to the piano and supervises with detailed comment the labored picking out of "Old Black Joe" and "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." Using these and classic themes expertly chosen for their popularity, he moves in the most natural and pleasing way directly into subjects which ordinarily are considered quite technical and advanced. This novel juxtaposition of the lowest and the highest is continued throughout the book and is its most important characteristic. Never is the intimate connection between the reader's actual experimental knowledge and the statements the author is making broken, no matter how unrelated they may be according to ordinary standards of teaching. Moore's work does not travel from step to isolated step as much of our American education is inclined to do, but is strictly cumulative. Yet the scope of the book is in no way affected by this continuous reference to fundamentals. Rather, there is more knowledge of music from every angle in it than in half a dozen of the ordinary appreciation books. The reader may be repelled at first by the almost childish simplicity of the style, but even a proficient musician will find a surprising amount of new material as he continues.

In his chapters Moore takes up each of the broad divisions of music, first the structure of it, tone, rhythm, melody, harmony, design, tonality, musical subject-matter, polyphony, development, and finally musical form, leading up to the symphony and a discussion of its greatest examples, and the characteristics of the composers. A typical chapter is that on polyphony. This rather difficult conception is made perfectly clear by the suggestion that, first, the popular "Humoresque" of *Dvorak* and "Way Down Upon the Swanee River" be sung together, a trick that is often performed around the campfire or over a highball. Then a more pretentious combination is made, one often used in vaudeville and glee club singing, the combination of "Solomon Levi," "The Spanish Cavalier," and "My Comrades," three old favorites. From this, without turning a hair, we find ourselves examining a similar combination of tunes in Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, and another in the overture to "Die Meistersinger," and within a few pages more we are ready for the fugues of Bach and Handel! Such is the extraordinary course of "Listening to Music!"

The book has inevitably some inconsistencies, and rather doubtful assumptions. In the first place it seems that one who knew as little about music as the reader whom Moore envisages would scarcely be able to play—with one finger—as many tunes as he requires. "Old Black Joe" is within almost everyone's grasp, but songs like "Song of the Evening Star" from "Tannhäuser," "Melody in F" by Rubenstein, or the group of folk songs which we are asked to sing, if not play, are quite beyond the beginner. On the other hand, a person with some pianistic ability would surely know more about rhythm, notes, or scales than Moore gives him credit for. But this and other like difficulties are, in the end, of slight importance. It is remarkable that the book is as logical, well balanced, and authoritative as it is, considering the originality of its plan.

Historical Theories

THE HISTORY OF WORLD CIVILIZATION FROM PREHISTORIC TIMES TO THE MIDDLE AGES. By Hermann Schneider. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1931. 2 Vols.

Reviewed by Ernest R. Goodenough
Yale University

THE impossibility of writing history is a favorite thesis with which philosophers like to tease historians. It is so easy to point out the changes of interpretation which successive generations of historians have elaborated from a study of essentially a given body of data, the inevitability of the personal equation in any attempt, however consciously honest and objective, to pass judgment upon men and events in the past. When thus attacked the historian, usually not so subtle as the philosopher, ends up, as Plato says, conquered in words but not in mind. For the honest historian, while at a loss to explain, knows that there is history which will check, historical generalizations that will stand retesting by other historians, and that there are generalizations which will not. The historian, a pragmatic fellow, is quite content to continue his work on the basis of such an indefinable, and metaphysically unjustifiable, distinction. He never fully understands what it is that the philosopher has in mind by this talk of theory guiding the handling of fact until he begins to read (he rarely finishes) an attempt by a philosopher to write history.

Unfortunately, Professor Schneider's "History of Civilization" is by far the most extreme example I have ever encountered of a book which prostitutes historical fact to theories. The two large volumes now published are one third the projected work, and cover only Ancient Civilization. The next two volumes will be devoted to Modern Civilization, while the concluding volumes will return to consider the Middle Ages. Beginning with the Neanderthal man, who "must have been the first to develop consciousness of power," the reader is led through each ancient civilization in turn, including China and India, to find that "after a new racial mixture destined to become culturally fruitful (why all mixtures are not thus destined is not considered) there follow five or six centuries of silent growth to maturity. . . . Then the great classical geniuses appear. . . . In eighty or a hundred years this early period of youthful creative energy is past." After a century of revolution "the second flowering-time of civilization, comparable to manhood, springs from a belief in progress coupled with critical reflection on the limitations of man's all too human nature," etc. "This era lasts for two or three centuries." To make such a chronological scheme work out, the facts are presented: "The Sumerians must have settled in the country between 3500 and 3000 B.C. The races began to mix about 3300-3200 B.C., for 'Babylonian' culture proper developed from less definite types about 2800-2700 B.C." Similarly to schematize the chronology of Jewish history the reader is surprised to find that Hebraic civilization began with the prophet Amos. He is dated about 800 B.C. "The racial mixture, therefore, which resulted in his emergence as the first classic must have begun about 1300 B.C. in southern Palestine, in the neighborhood of Jerusalem." Professor Schneider has thus proved, to his own satisfaction, that the flowering of the civilization begins five hundred years after the mingling of races.

The book is not excessively devoted to philosophical discussions. Quite the reverse, the pages are packed with allusions to obscure details of ancient literature, mythology, linguistics, art, philosophy, cultus, and science that demand a very learned reader to appreciate and follow.

The interpretations of the facts are as amazing as their number and their exclusiveness. As to the latter, Professor Schneider describes the various civilizations with practically no reference to their daily manner of living, or their economic problems. An extraordinary account of the solar religion of the stone age man is elaborated, largely as it "must have been" to fit the author's scheme, and then the fact that the mythology and cultus of later peoples developed out of this single primitive religion is argued by a series of etymologies which would have shocked Cratylus, and by allegorical interpretations which Philo and Origen would have rejected. The crucifixion story is, for example, an extraordinary clever blending of the solar symbols (!) used by the Cretans (!) as the basis of that alphabet which they invented and passed on to Syria and Phœnicia. A few of these alphabetic symbols introduced by the evangelists into the crucifixion story are: the hammer (Gimel, or the double axe), the nail (Vau, the bull standard), the ladder (Cheth, or the earth), the crown of thorns (Teth, or the wheel). The rest are all there too. Greek religion is ingeniously referred back entirely to this solar worship of Neolithic man, with not a word about what are commonly referred to as animism and local nature worship.

The Game of Kings

TENNIS ORIGINS AND MYSTERIES. By Malcolm D. Whitman. New York: The Derrydale Press. 1932. $10.

Reviewed by Alonzo M. Lansford

THAT priests banged tennis balls around the cloisters and broke monastery windows during the fifteenth century is a little known fact. Nor is it common knowledge that municipal protest at such sacrilege once precipitated the statement that the city fathers were nothing but bootleggers, selling "ale and wyne higher than hit oughte to be solde." After reading "Tennis Origins and Mysteries" one is convinced that tennis fiends, bootleggers, and city graft are not strictly modern institutions after all.

In fact, tennis has had more effect on the history of the world than one would think. Bishops neglected evensong to play, and in 1245 the Archbishop of Rouen prohibited the game, so great a diversion was it from the affairs of the soul. Louis X. died from a chill contracted while playing, and Henry IV. of France forewent mass on St. Bartholomew's Day to swat a tennis ball. In 1292 there were more shops making tennis balls in Paris than there were bookstores. Gambling on tennis matches became so rampant in 1369 that the game was outlawed in the French capital. A woman was world's champion in 1427, and Benvenuto Cellini was a confirmed enthusiast. Rabelais wrote poems on tennis, while Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Erasmus mention it many times. All in all, over seven hundred volumes dealing with various forms of tennis have been published during a period from 150 B.C. to the present.

Of late quite a few contributions have been made to the literature of sport. Most of them, however, have been surveys of recent athletic events, biographies of prominent sport figures of the past, or expositions on technique. Few comprehensive treatises on the history and origin of individual games have appeared. Malcolm D. Whitman fills this gap for tennis, thoroughly and authoritatively, in this volume.

The author is peculiarly qualified to make such an important contribution. He was national champion in 1898, '99, and 1900, winning every important tournament; was hero of the first international matches, and retired undefeated champion. With the invasion of the great Dohertys in the second Davis Cup matches he was virtually drafted to play, and won all matches. Various authorities have named him the greatest player of his time. As an outstanding exponent of the game, he realizes the mysteries concerning it, but Whitman the scholar dictates the methods of research and painstaking documentary work. The combination of author and pedant has produced a volume which is thoroughly authoritative without being excessively erudite.

In explanation of the title Whitman comments that the "Origins" are mysteries that he solves, and the "Mysteries" are items of the game concerning which he can make only conjectures. For instance, the origin of the word "tennis." Various etymologists have given it as derivations of: the French *tente*, referring to the building in which it was made; *phennis*, from the Greek; *tanz* and *tenne*, from the German; and *tentz*, a French form. Whitman discards these theories and substitutes one of his own: The original balls were made of a light cloth called "tennis" after the town in which the fabric was made. (The town, by the way, was in the Nile delta, and sank into the sea in 1226 A.D.) The author elaborates upon this theory and makes it at least plausible.

The book is like that—a scholarly treatise on a popular subject, presented in not too pedantic manner.

The archives of the Borghese family, comprising some 100,000 manuscripts, are being transferred from the Palazzo Borghese to the Vatican. Among the treasures are letters from many kings, secret papers of historical interest, a valuable collection of old maps, and Petrarch's own breviary.

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In Reply Would Say

TO be credited with omniscience is at once flattering and embarrassing. Letters are frequently—all too frequently—addressed to this department seeking to learn the value of some "very old book that has been in the family for years." The only reasonable answer to a query of this sort, even though the "very old book" be a First Folio Shakespeare, is "I don't know." In any other direction—referring the inquirer to somebody else (a coward's way out) or, worse yet, actually attempting an appraisal (which almost invariably must be zero)—lies trouble.

When A. Edward Newton's "The Amenities of Book-Collecting" first appeared fourteen years ago its author was soon inundated with offers of books and requests for appraisals. The bulk of inquiries finally grew to such proportions that Mr. Newton, in self-defense, was driven to the composition of a form letter explaining his position in the matter which was put in print and a copy of which was thereafter sent every importuner. This letter, of course, is an authentic Newton item (see Sargent, page 11), and usually it was worth more itself than were the "old books" which inspired the appeal for it. How many recipients kept their copies?

Mr. Newton has given permission for the reproduction of this letter on this page. So far as I know, it has never appeared in print save in the form in which it was sent to inquirers. It speaks for itself, and for this department as well:

> Please consider this as a reply to your recent letter addressed to me on the subject of books.
>
> For some years past, articles published by me on the subject of book-collecting have resulted, among other things, in an ever increasing correspondence with persons seeking to know the value of a single book or of many books and the best way to dispose of them.
>
> I early decided never to buy a book or autograph letter privately, for this reason. If I paid, say ten dollars, for some item, the seller might and probably would tell someone of the incident and in turn might be told that the price was far too low: the inference being that I had not paid a fair price.
>
> And please note. For one old book of value there are one hundred thousand books that have no value whatever. In the past ten years out of thousands of volumes offered me, *one book only* was worth over five dollars; most were worth, if anything, ten cents or less.
>
> One book offered me by an unknown correspondent was worth from two to five thousand dollars: I recommended that it be sold at auction: it was, and brought a trifle less than four thousand dollars. Incidentally, no one can say what a book will fetch at auction, nor can one guess the value of a book without careful examination of it.
>
> I am a business man, a book-collector, and a writer. I have neither time, nor wish, nor ability to appraise a lot of books, nor do I care to assume the responsibility of telling some unknown correspondent to what bookseller to take a lot of literary property, for no matter how much the bookseller would pay, the seller might think that he, or she, had not been paid enough: people with old books to sell are usually very suspicious.
>
> I have recently been offered for five thousand dollars a Latin book worth, at most (to a collector of Latin books), five dollars. A few days ago I was offered several lines of quite worthless manuscript of F. O. C. Darley for one thousand dollars, for the reason that its owner had read that a Poe manuscript was on the market for fifty thousand. If I wanted the item I was to speak at once. I did.
>
> There is pleasure and profit in collecting, but the proper place to buy books is from a dealer or at auction, and one should sell in the same manner.
>
> People having books for sale should remember that booksellers have to make a profit.

The philosophy of something for nothing will not down. Every bookseller has seen it in operation, and for two compelling reasons he does not enjoy the spectacle. The first is that whatever his answer to the intending seller, the seller assumes it to be a dishonest one, and the seller's suspicions are blackest when he is told that his offering has no value at all. The second is that booksellers are as much moved at sight of human distress as architects, golf professionals, and radio announcers—and behind almost every offer of an "old book" lies a minor, sometimes a major, tragedy.

The most pathetic instance of this that I know of was told me a few years since by a New England bookseller. From a mill town fifty miles away he received a scrawled letter offering a "very old" copy of Burns which someone had told the inquirer was of great value. The inquirer, a mill operative, wanted to dispose of the book in order to bring his wife and children over from Scotland. Would the bookseller like to see it? It was too precious to trust to the mails, but the bookseller could call on such days at such hours.

The bookseller was not given to the pursuit of wild geese, and in this instance the chase lay over the Berkshires. Still the combination of old and Burns and a newly-arrived Scotch weaver was worth looking into. He wrote and asked the would-be seller to copy the title page exactly and send it to him. To the bookseller's surpassing astonishment the transcript read thus: "Poems, Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect, by Robert Burns. Kilmarnock: Printed by John Wilson. M,D-CC,LXXXVI." The four-line anonymous quotation was in its proper place.

The geese were decidedly tame enough to make the snaring worth while. The bookseller got in his car and rode over the hills and far away, and came to a dingy rooming-house in a dingy mill-town street. As host and visitor mounted the bare stairs to the squalid cell of a bedroom it was hard to tell whose heart was beating the faster. The weaver tremulously opened a trunk, and drew forth a package wrapped in a Glasgow newspaper. And the bookseller presently held in his hands a copy of an edition of Burns's poems published perhaps in 1850 from which the title page had been carelessly torn, leaving as an apparent title page a reproduction of that of the Kilmarnock Burns with which the edition had been embellished.

J. T. W.

French into English

A CORRESPONDENT comes forward with a fresh sheaf of data to supplement the researches instituted on this page last fall, and since continued at intervals, which were designed to construct a list of books that first appeared in print in a language other than that in which they were originally written.

William Beckford's "Vathek" was first written in French—written, moreover, according to Beckford's own boast, at a single sitting of three days and two nights, a statement pretty generally discredited despite the fact (possibly unknown to most of the discreditors) that poker games even in more recent times have been known to last longer than that. The Reverend Samuel Henley prepared an unauthorized translation into English, and this was published at London in 1786 as "An Arabian Tale, from an Unpublished Manuscript: With Notes, Critical and Explanatory." The French edition, the true Beckford first, appeared the following year. The late Richard Garnett asserted that a pirated English edition appeared in 1784, but Charles J. Sawyer and F. J. Harvey Darton, in "English Books 1475-1900" (1927), were not able to report a copy of that date in any private or institutional collection. The ecclesiastical misappropriation of 1786 has a hint of American interest in that Henley was for a time professor of moral philosophy in the College of Williamsburg (William and Mary), Virginia. He published numerous translations and sermons, but "Vathek" obviously was his most exciting literary adventure.

The company of authors in the Other Language Association now includes such a disparate group as Beckford, Havelock Ellis, Benjamin Franklin, and Ernest Hemingway, in addition to a host of ancients. Who else?

J. T. W.

Wuthering Heights

EMILY BRONTË'S "WUTHERING HEIGHTS." Illustrated by CLARE LEIGHTON. New York: Random House. 1931.

WHAT will distinguish this edition of an old classic are the wood engravings, twelve in number, by Clare Leighton. Done in the modern style of white-on-black, her work shows a sure hand in design and in cutting. The wood block is a joy to behold after the inanities of the half-tone and the insufficiency of the photo-zinc: there is a sureness about it, a finality in the sharp, definite edge of the lines, which no other process can equal. Its frequent recurrence is a plain case of the survival of the fittest. And Clare Leighton is an able practitioner.

The printing of the volume is done in one of the newer English monotype faces—a good, bluff face marred only by unnecessarily short descenders. There are no running heads, and the chapters are somewhat inadequately treated. As I have pointed out, a page of plain type, unless it be a *very* distinguished face, with artistic pretentions of its own, is only half a page. It makes a bleak book. The book just falls short of being successful typographically.

R.

An exhibition of books designed by Robert S. Josephy was recently held at the Advertising Club, New York. The show was sponsored by J. J. Little and Ives Company, one of the city's oldest and largest book printers, who have produced many of the books shown. The exhibition included books designed for over twenty-five American publishers over a period of ten years. Mr. Josephy's work is notable in that he has applied his talents to the production of fine "trade" and *de luxe* editions by mass-production methods in the larger printing houses. Six years ago he was the first free-lance in this field. Fifteen of his books have been chosen for the Fifty Books of the Year exhibitions since 1927.

A commemorative tablet has been unveiled at 60 Westgate, Wakefield, the birthplace of George Gissing, the novelist.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

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SCRAMBLED CELEBRITIES

If Elmer Rice were Adler,
And Marc were Walter Connolly,
And Louis turned his lyre
To Samuel Untermyer
As Pegasean saddler,
The world would wag quite funnily;
If Elmer Rice were Adler
And Marc were Walter Connolly.

If Nat were Edna Ferber
And George S. Kaufman, Jay,
And Richard Hughes were Rupert—
Although that may seem too pert!—
And Arno drew like Thurber,
Or just the other way,
Slovakian might be Berber
"And night be bright like day."

If Noël were T. R. Coward,
Rea Irvin, Irvin Cobb,
And Johnny—the gay deceiver!—
Were simply Raymond Weaver,
Would Sid be Leslie Howard
And each exchange his job?
If Noël were T. R. Coward,
Rea Irvin, Irvin Cobb?

If Charles were Arthur Hopkins,
Ring Lardner just Blanche Ring,
And Emil Jannings—teary—
Mixed beer with Wallace Beery,
Both weeping in their napkins,—
Were life a lovelier thing?
If Charles were Arthur Hopkins,
Ring Lardner just Blanche Ring?

If O. O. McIntyre
Were J. P. McEvoy,
Could Winchell well distinguish
Their subtle use of English?
Or would the late book-buyer
Find Homer, Homer Croy,—
If O. O. McIntyre
Were J. P. McEvoy?

If folk like these should mingle
And sense vacate its throne,
Would art be worse or better
Or fate seem less a fetter,
Or this be more than jingle
That now evokes your groan,—
If folk like these should mingle
And sense vacate its throne?

The death of *Gamaliel Bradford,* in his sixty-ninth year, came as a shock to us. Several years ago we enjoyed seeing him a benevolent host in his home at Wellesley Hills. He had had about fifty years of literary pursuits by the time he died, and he is said to have written some two thousand poems as well as the biographies that brought him fame and various novels and plays. He developed a new style in biography. We bow the head to his passing, for he was a notable scholar and a fine craftsman. . . .

Wilhelm Busch was the originator of the comic strip and the fifteenth of this month, when you were getting in your state income tax, marked the centenary of his birth. He was for a long time on the staff of that famous German humorous periodical, *Fliegende Blätter.* The classic he created for children was "Max und Moritz," though it is long out of print and unknown to the children of today. Our own *Christopher Morley* is, however, at work upon a translation and revision of this classic which will be published by William Morrow & Company in September. *Jay Warmuth* is illustrating it with her humorous pictures. . . .

Whittlesey House, McGraw-Hill Book Company, brought out on the eighteenth an interesting volume by the Dean of the Graduate School of Business Administration of Harvard University, namely, *Wallace Brett Donham.* Dean Donham's book is entitled "Business Looks at the Unforeseen," and one of his plans advocated is a central thinking agency, to act as an economic general staff, with no control or espionage power, and to include men chosen by representatives of the government, of business, and of labor. One of the most important jobs of such an agency would be to "study the principal shocks to which society is subject and to recommend elastic institutions or programs which will meet these shocks as nearly automatically and with as little delay as possible whenever they occur from any series of causes." . . .

Alfred A. Knopf, the famous Borzoi publisher, has just returned from abroad where he stayed two months and visited many prominent authors whose works he publishes over here. Among other purchases Mr. Knopf picked up a first novel by *James Laver* entitled "Nymph Errant," which he feels is sure to be a popular sensation. In Munich he visited *Spengler, Alfred Neumann,* and *Bruno Frank.* He went to St. Moritz to see *Thomas Mann,* and in Berlin he saw *Storm Jameson,* and *E. A. Rheinhardt,* who has almost finished working on a life of Josephine. He went to Copenhagen and bought the American rights to a novel by *Marcus Lauesen* called "And Now We Are Waiting for a Ship." 35,000 copies of this story have been sold in Denmark during the past few months. In Norway Mr. Knopf visited *Sigrid Undset,* who lives in Lillehammer. He also saw a number of authors in London. . . .

Louise Bonino, of Harrison Smith, Inc., asks, as an old Harcourt-Bracean, if she may point out that "Viennese Medley" by Edith O'Shaughnessy was published by Harcourt, Brace & Company several years ago. . . .

"Captain Archer's Daughter" (Harper's) is the first novel in five years from the pen or typewriter of *Margaret Deland,* who for forty-five years has published successful novels. She began in 1887 with "John Ward, Preacher," a novel that then dismayed her relatives in Pennsylvania. When her husband bought their summer house in Kennebunkport, Maine, the year the book was published, the owner of the cottage offered for sale refused to sell it because "your woman has wrote a book on religion, an' I do' know as we want her livin' in our town." So the Delands bought another house in another part of town! . . .

Anent a little verse we recently had in this column concerning a flight of bronze grackles, *Grania O'Maille* says that she recently heard it over the radio from one of the broadcasting stations, and also says that the author of the rhymes

> saw the million soldiers who came and went daily to and from Camp Merritt during its occupation by the volunteers and drafted men, white, Indians, and colored,—saw them marching or riding by on all sides of her house,—saw them gather together in the fields around her home in dense companies with their bayonets in their hands—"shining spears"! . . . The visitation of the grackles was as sudden and overwhelming in its numbers as was the descent upon, around us, of our expeditionary forces during wartime—deserters would frequently knock at nearby doors to inquire the nearest way to the railroad station. Those birds, flying in close formation, struck the window panes and the glass panels in the doors as they flew against all sides of the house, some dropping suddenly to the ground, stunned by the contact. During a generation of continuous residence near the former Camp Merritt, it was the first time those handsome, clamorous birds stayed a whole day in Oakacre, in the trees, in such countless numbers.

Now there is an "Only Yesterday" game, which Harper & Brothers have got out. So many people told them about playing it with the questions appearing on the jacket of *Frederick Lewis Allen's* now famous book that the publishers asked the author to select the hundred questions he considered most suitable for an "Only Yesterday" game. If you want to find out more about it, apply for a circular to the publishers. . . .

Amy Parker of Fennimore, Wisconsin, seeing in a February *Phœnix Nest* a poem called "A Prayer" which hangs outside the door of the Refectory of the Cathedral of Chester, England, sends us several from other English churches, of which we select an admonition above a money box just inside St. Mary's Old Church at Shrewsbury:

If aught thou hast to give or lend,
This ancient parish church befriend;
If poor, but still in spirit willing,
Out with thy purse and give a shilling.

But if its depth should be profound,
Think of thy God and give a pound;
Look not for record to be given,
But trust for thy receipt in heaven.

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